No. 726
Friday
13 Sept. '89

PRIVATE EYE

60p

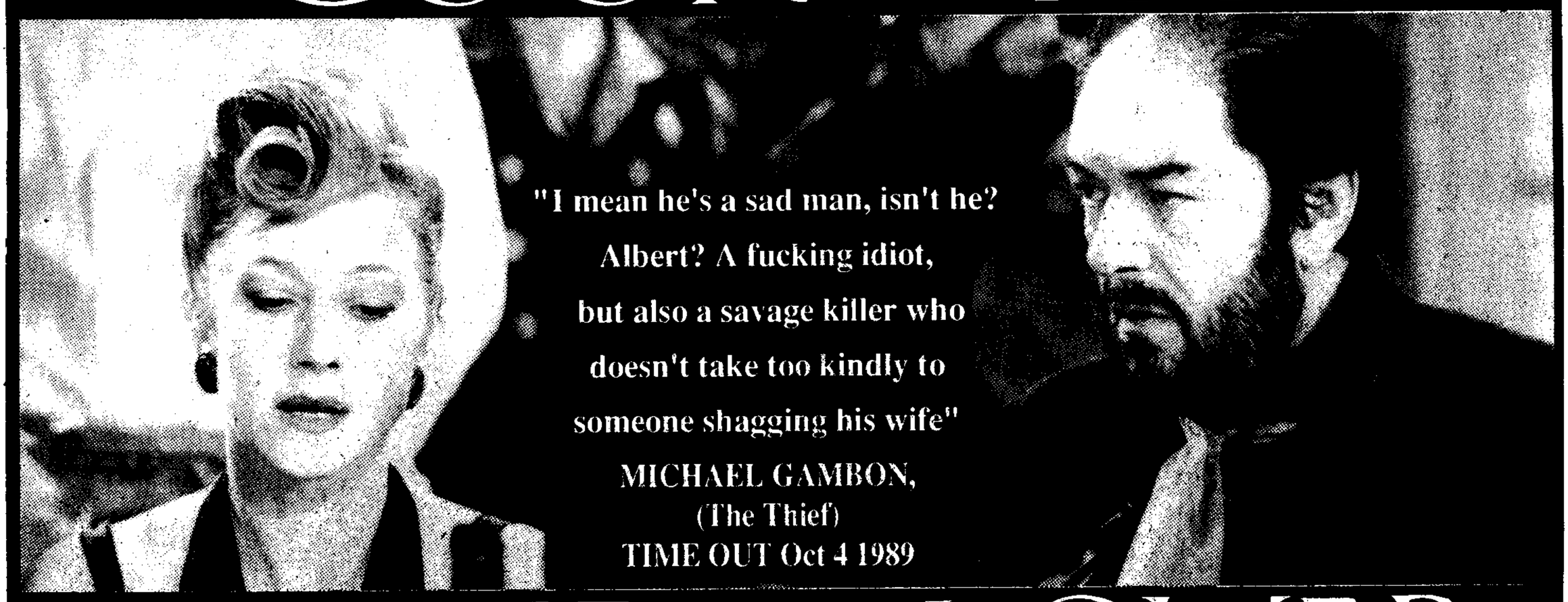
LEADERSHIP CRISIS

'A MAGNIFICENT PIECE OF CINEMA' Derek Malcolm - THE GUARDIAN

A PETER GREENAWAY FILM

MUSIC BY MICHAEL NYMAN COSTUMES BY JEAN PAUL GAULTIER

THE COOK THE THIEF


"I mean he's a sad man, isn't he?
Albert? A fucking idiot,
but also a savage killer who
doesn't take too kindly to
someone shagging his wife"
MICHAEL GAMBON,
(The Thief)
TIME OUT Oct 4 1989

HIS WIFE & HER LOVER (18)

RICHARD BOHRINGER MICHAEL GAMBON HELEN MIRREN ALAN HOWARD

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"A sequel to Gone With The Wind *with me as Rhett and Meryl Streep as Scarlett O'Hara would be brilliant."* **Wayne Hussey of The Mission**

"Jimmy Page represented all that was etheral, exquisite, divine and pornographic in rock music for me." **Super-groupie Pamela Des Barres**

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"Election Promises? All policemen finally allowed to wear their own skirts on duty. Clause 28 to remain in tact with the word 'homosexual' replaced by the name 'Cecil Parkinson'." **Morrissey**

"Do you know who the most boring group in the world is? F—ing U2, give me Barry Manilow anytime." **'Bat out of Hell' producer Jim Steinman**

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

A year's worth of quotes every week

The world's biggest-selling rock weekly. On the difficult bottom shelf at your newsagent every Wednesday for a mere 55p.

FROM 10 SEPTEMBER TO 4 NOVEMBER, anyone between 16-23 years old can get a Young Persons Railcard for just £10 — that's £5 off. And then, for a whole year you'll be able to go as far as you like for up to a third less than most train fares. (Go no further than your main BR station for a leaflet containing details and conditions of use).

Young Persons Railcard.

A case for writing a better advertisement.

The client's rage continued unabated "If you want my opinion," which of course Rupert didn't "those so-called creative fellows of yours don't seem to have their heart in selling my product, their judgement seems to be clouded by their fondness for the rum itself."

The ensuing, embarrassed, silence was broken by a honeyed 'pop,' as a fresh bottle of Appleton Estate Five Year Old was ceremontously uncorked in the creative suite next door.

"I reckon anybody could write a better ad than those two."

"Perhaps we'll go in for this" said the creative team.

"With respect, you don't understand the creative process, I mean...," Rupert was cut dead by the client's withering stare.

"All they have to do is communicate that Appleton Estate is matured the traditional and expensive pot-still method and owes it's unique mellow taste to the unique climatic conditions of Jamaica's Black River Valley" lectured the client. "What could be simpler?"

Indeed what could.

I can do that. Please find enclosed my advertisement for Appleton Estate Five Year Old Rum. I understand the prize is a case of Appleton and that the client's decision is final. I am aged over 18 years.

*Signature*_____

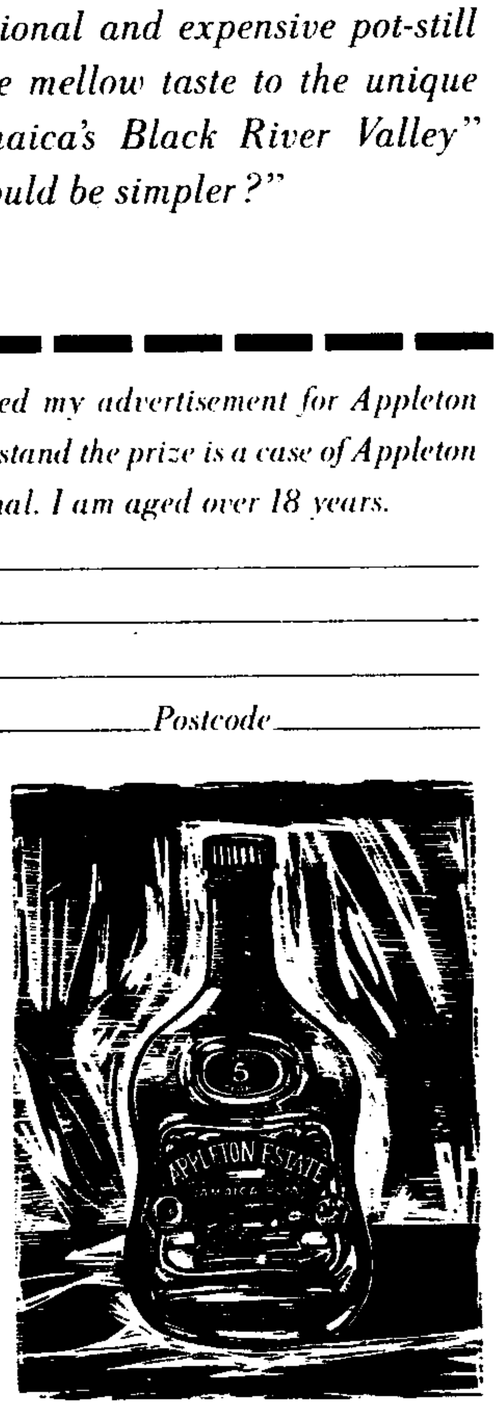
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Postcode*_____

Post to: 'Case' Dept. P673 (NCH). Cronin Court Yard, Corby, Northants NN18 8PS. Winner will be notified by post. Closing date 31.12.89. No cash alternatives.

APPLETON ESTATE FIVE YEAR OLD. *Unfortunately,* NOW AVAILABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC



The Tryst beneath the Sherry Oak

The Macallan's *solitary fidelity* to the ancient methods of malt whisky maturation – in oaken casks that have previously contained sherry – has a supremely practical purpose.

The *mellowing influence* of the sherry imparts a luscious amber-gold to the hue and a sumptuous *basso profundo* to the flavour, to provide an experience that no other malt can emulate. For no other malt is exclusively so matured in these days of (dare we say it?) accountant-dominated production.

Not that we would wish to denigrate our friends in the *numerate profession.* But our steadfast devotion to the old ways looks beyond the simple arithmetic of slide-rule and calculator to a mathematics no computer can understand . . . *the infinitely subtle calculus of human satisfaction.*

THE MACALLAN.
THE MALT.

Gnome

I AM delighted to announce that two of the most distinguished and important journalists in the world have agreed to join my new Sunday newspaper, the *Sunday Gnome*.

Mr Kevin Bloke, formerly deputy assistant news editor (general features) of the *Observer*, and Mr Keith Nargs, formerly assistant deputy features editor (general news) of the *Sunday Times*, have agreed to leave their top posts and to join the *Sunday Gnome*.

This fact is not only front-page news and of huge interest to my readers but is crystal-clear confirmation that all my rivals are finished, washed up and on the way out.

Coupled with a survey, commissioned by myself, that shows 98 per cent of all readers of other Sunday newspapers are desperate for an alternative (page one, second story), it is now entirely without doubt that the *Sunday Gnome*, to be launched in January, is going to be a wonderful and glorious success.

E. Strobes,
pp Lord Gnome,
The Loony Bindependent,
Gnome House,
Barking

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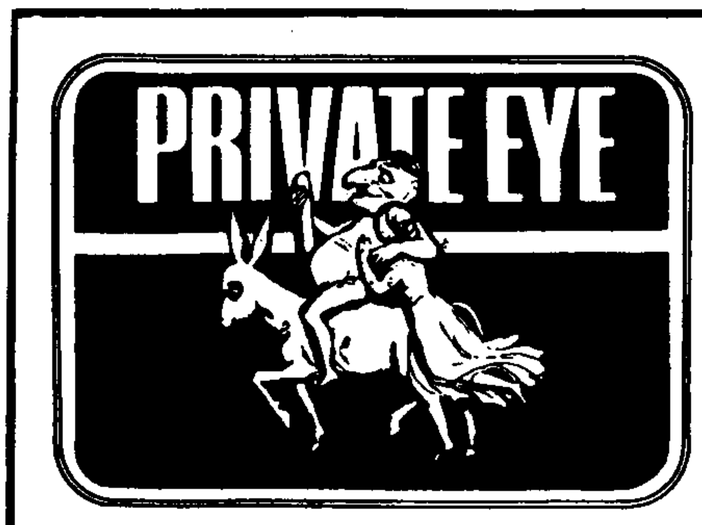


COLOUR SECTION

AS NEWS pours into the *Eye* from firemen distressed about the collapse of their service in the capital, two recent fires in central London highlight how drastic cuts in equipment are making firefighting more difficult and more dangerous.

At a house fire in Cornwall Gardens, Kensington, at the end of September one person died and another was badly injured after jumping into the street from an upper floor. Both tragedies happened after firemen found that they were unable to reach the fourth and fifth floors of the building.

These floors would have been easily within the reach of standard fire-fighting equipment — the mobile turntable ladders which reach up 100 feet, and the hydraulic platforms which reach up 80 feet (eight floors). These ladders — plentiful for as long as most firemen can remember — have recently been cut down in numbers and serviceability as part of the "rationalisation" which has affected the whole service.

At the time of the Kensington fire only three such ladders were available in the whole of north London.

The nearest was at Dowgate Fire Station in the City. Though the driver drove as fast as he could through the ever-worsening traffic, the journey took 24 minutes, during which the two tragedies occurred. No one can say for sure if life or limb would have been saved if a ladder had arrived in the more normal time of (at most) ten minutes, but the firemen involved were acutely aware that the death happened on a floor they could not reach.

Was this exceptional? It seems not. Some days later, the London fire brigade was put on full alert by an enormous fire at Langham Place, near the BBC. The call went out for four turntable ladders, which eventually arrived.

This meant that every high ladder in the entire north of the city was committed to one fire. Even so, there was an agonizing delay.

The cuts in the ladders available have been made worse by the removal from the firemen's basic kit of the small "hook ladder" which enables them to move easily from floor to floor. This vital aid has been cut out completely (on the fantastic excuse that it is a threat to safety at work) without being replaced.

Cuts in equipment dog the service at every turn. At Euston, the emergency rescue tender which cuts people out of vehicles or buildings broke down. It was replaced by an old pumping vehicle, half the size of the rescue tender and less than half as useful.

The atmosphere of chaos and panic was apparent at the recent fire in Lower Regent Street when firemen from different stations were seen systematically looting each other's engines for all sorts of equipment which was no longer available to them.

ADVISED by the Unionist lawyer Robert McCartney, QC, some of the boys abused at Belfast City Corporation's Kincora boys' home in the 1960s and 1970s are accepting modest sums in compensation from the authorities which allowed the most prolonged and repeated child abuse to go on in the home for 20 years. Most of the settlements are for £10,000 or less.

Unhappily for the boys, they can complain only of continued sexual assaults over a long period. None of them can show that he was involved in an argument over a chocolate eclair. A recent libel case in the High Court in Belfast suggests that juries will consider any such allegation very seriously.

Two leading barristers — Mr McCartney and Mr Desmond Boal, QC —were alleged in the scurrilous *Sunday World* newspaper to have been involved in an argument with one another in a public cafe about which of the two would eat the last available cream bun. This vile suggestion, which was wholly unsubstantiated, led to an instant libel action.

The barristers pointed out that their reputations were sorely damaged by the suggestion that they had been engaged in such an unseemly row in public. Their professional life was seriously affected, since potential clients would be influenced by the impression that such famous barristers could behave so childishly. Indeed, it was pointed out with some force that the very future of justice in Northern Ireland might be impaired.

The jury awarded the barristers £50,000 each in damages.

THE MAN leading the enormous Police Complaints Committee inquiry into the West Midlands serious crimes squad is Mr Donald Shaw, deputy chief constable of West Yorkshire Police.

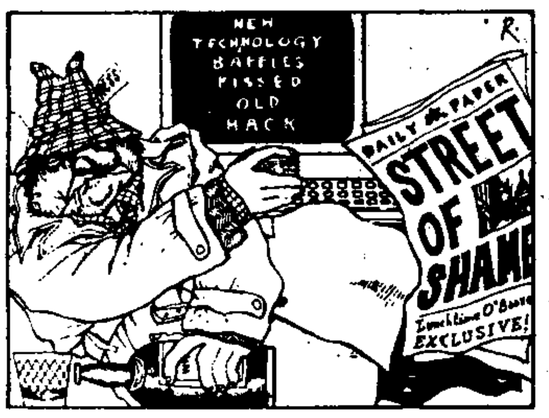
Students of police affairs will recall the important role he played in another crucial Police Complaints Authority inquiry: the one in 1986 into John Stalker, former deputy chief constable of Greater Manchester.

Then Shaw was an assistant chief constable in West Yorkshire and second-in-command of the inquiry (his boss, chief constable Sampson, was at its head). It was Shaw who ordered Stalker out of his own office at the start of the investigation and who took up a lot of time during Stalker's interviews with Sampson in his meticulous (but slow-moving) handwriting.

Shaw had a big part in Sampson's report on Stalker, which recommended that Stalker be further suspended from duty and which was contemptuously rejected by a huge majority of the Manchester police committee.

There are several references to Shaw in John Stalker's book, *Stalker*, which would no doubt be of great interest to complainants in the West Midlands.

"Lawson isn't afraid of unpopular decisions. He isn't resigning"



THE *Observer's* monstrous new building in Battersea — known locally as The Whited Sepulchre — is looking rather empty these days as hacks galore flee the crumbling regime of Donald "Pixie" Trelford.

Award-winning writer Ian Jack, columnist Neal Ascherson and literary editor Blake Morrison have all found sanctuary at the *Indescribablyboring On Sunday*, while assistant editor Robin Lustig has decided that even the uncertainty of a freelance career would be preferable to staying at the *Observer*.

Four other hacks — Annabel Ferriman, Judith Judd, John Merritt and Robin McKie — are considering offers from the *IOS*. In the hope of persuading them to stay, the desperate Pixie has been offering handsome pay rises — "money no object" is his new slogan — and also promised to remove the hated news editor John Shirley and replace him with Paul "Iron Liver" Routledge.

Last week Trelford duly informed Routledge that he was now news editor; however, his nerve then failed when it came to telling Shirley that he would have to be transferred elsewhere. So, at the time of going to press, Shirley and Routledge were both under the impression that they were in charge of the news pages. Since both men are of a pugnacious temperament, this promises to end in tears.

MORE interesting details have emerged of Kelvin McKenzie's much-hyped lunch with the media hacks of the "quality" press.

When Georgina Henry (*Grauniad*), Jane Thynne (*Daily Torygraph*), Maggie Brown (*Indescribablyboring*), Raymond Snoddy (*FT*), and Simon Tait (*The Times*) had assembled in the Wapping boardroom, Kelvin bounced in late and immediately went on to the offensive against them in terms more interesting than those reported.

"I've been looking at your CVs... None of you'd get a job on *The Sun*. You 'aven't got any local paper experience. I think all your papers are crap. We [at *The Sun*] could all edit *The Guardian* with our hands tied behind our backs."

Turning to Maggie Brown at one point in the proceedings, he suddenly exclaimed: "Your shorthand's crap! I wouldn't give you a job... How old are you anyway?"

When Brown replied that she was 39, McKenzie swiftly commented: "The prune juice's been working well then, 'asn't it?"

Introducing his deputy editor Martin Dunn, Kelvin observed: "We call him Patsy Kensit around 'ere, 'cause 'e's all looks and no talent."

Eventually, Jane Thynne asked McKenzie what he thought would be remembered as his lasting contribution to journalism, a question which provoked much mirth with Kelvin laughing the loudest and longest.

"Well, I'm looking forward to the New Year's Honours list... Perhaps I'll be made Lord Kelv of Wapping."

THE PROPAGANDA machine set up by D'Arcy Masius Benton and Bowles Middle East MD "Major" Bill Bird for Lebanon's Christian General Michel Aoun has landed its first sucker.

The 30 September issue of the *Economist* carried an exclusive report on drug trafficking in the Lebanon. It revealed massive activity by the Syrians and their Moslim allies and a state of near purity among the rival Christians.

This is hardly surprising as the source for the exclusive was none other than Aoun's sinister military "intelligence" bureau. The story went on to reveal a list of Syrian and Moslim controlled ports through which drugs were pouring. This was backed up by a map of Lebanon which astounded geographers: it showed all the Syrian controlled ports but excluded any reference to the many Christian ones.

To ram home its case, the *Economist* reported having seen photographs of Syrian Army posts in the Bekaa valley next to poppy fields. Previous attempts to unload this exclusive file have not been successful. In July, a *World in Action* team were shown the documents at Aoun's army HQ in Beirut. They pointed out that the "Syrian army posts" were no more than distant dots in the heat haze and that many of the exclusive documents were obviously forgeries or crudely edited American drug agency reports.

The aim was to justify Aoun's suicidal "war of liberation" and its ensuing carnage as a crusade against wicked Syrian drug-trading. But the file was so badly laundered by the army PRs that they overlooked a brief American report confirming that Aoun's allies, the Christian militia leaders, were in the drug business up to their necks, too.

These warlords are also listed in numerous western drug agency files which, it appears, the *Economist* thought it unnecessary to consult. It is entirely a separate matter that the offices of DMB&B, one of the world's most powerful advertising agencies, are but a stone's throw from the St James Street offices of the *Economist*.

WHILE Labour delegates at Brighton last week were all on their best behaviour, the same cannot be said of the hacks who covered the conference.

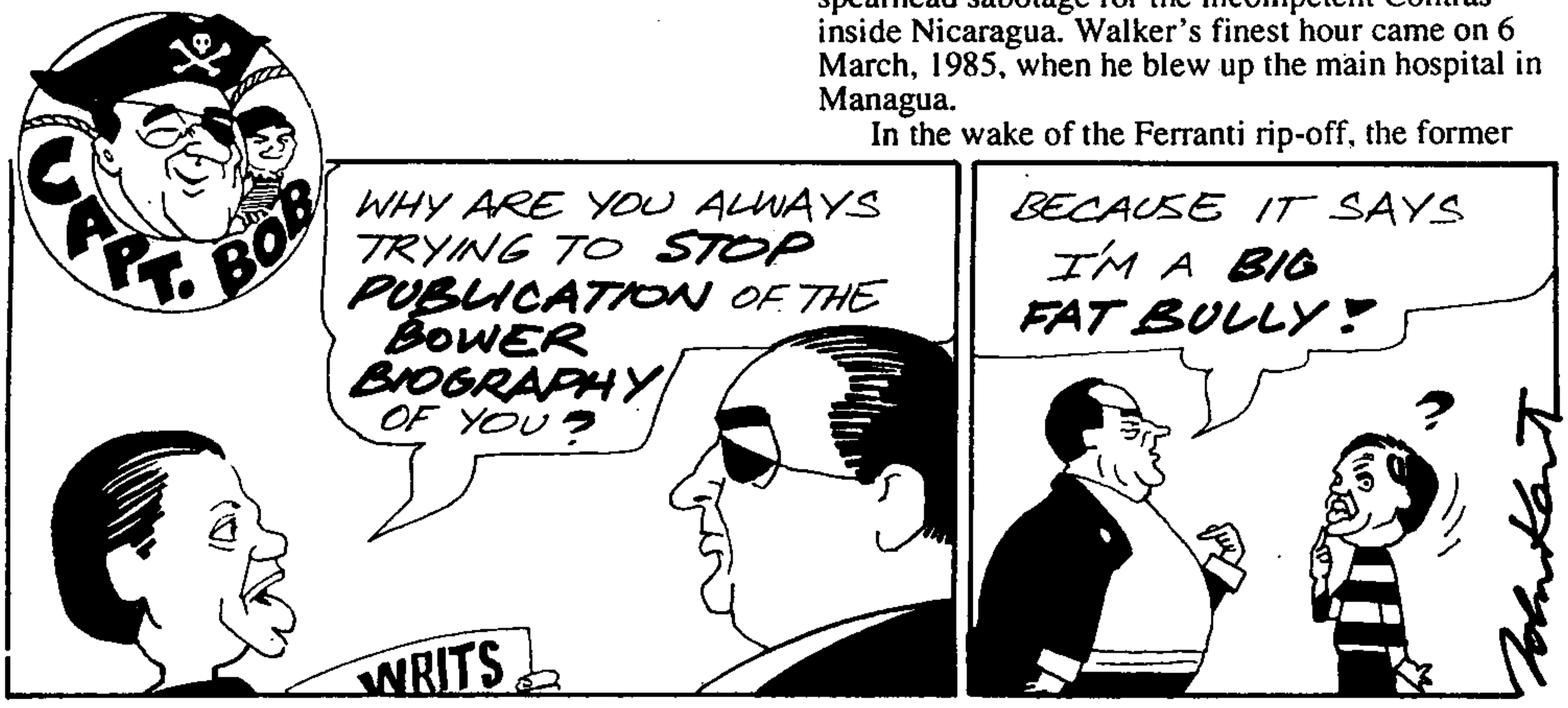
Anyone wandering into the bar of the Grand Hotel shortly before 2 am on Thursday night would have found *Sunday Mirror* political editor Alastair Campbell playing the bagpipes. They would also have noticed burly *Sunday Telegraph* pundit Bruce Anderson, slightly the worse for wear after a hard evening's work, ambling towards a small throng of late-night drinkers that included the *Indescribablyboring's* political editor, Anthony Bevins.

This was a mistake. Bevins, who is married to an Indian woman, is a fervent anti-racist. Anderson, by contrast, is a man who jocularly refers to black people as "coons" and "nig-nogs". As Anderson tried to join the group, Bevins turned on him and denounced him as a "fucking racist!" The *Indie* man then attempted a head-butt before being pulled away by his colleague, Colin Brown. Meanwhile, the bagpipes played on...

ANOTHER first for the *Wapping Times*! On 25 September the paper carried a "letter" from a terrorist (*mercenary, shurely? Ed*) touting for business.

The man was David Walker, the ex-SAS major who was hired by the criminal Oliver North to spearhead sabotage for the incompetent Contras inside Nicaragua. Walker's finest hour came on 6 March, 1985, when he blew up the main hospital in Managua.

In the wake of the Ferranti rip-off, the former


CAPT. BOB
WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS TRYING TO STOP PUBLICATION OF THE BOWER BIOGRAPHY OF YOU?
WRITS
BECAUSE IT SAYS I'M A BIG FAT BULLY!
?
Johnkent

O.B.N.

Prince shows his true colours

I WOULDN'T frame any of the great truths on architecture that Prince Charles utters in his book, My Vision of Britain, but I'd hang any one of his quite wonderful watercolours on my wall.

Unsigned.

The value of the painter Prince's restful, limpid landscapes in the book is implicit, even without his priceless signature in the bottom, right-hand corner.

I could live forever with his watercolour of Wensleydale, even painted by an unsung unknown.

Being no art critic, I could be technically wrong. But in my surprised and delighted view of Charles as an artist, he shold stop agonising that "I don't have a proper job".

His lovely landscapes speak and sing for themselves, and say more about Charles to millions than any of his visionary ideas on his future kingdom.

JEAN ROOK
Daily Express

Esher Tory councillor is now offering the services of his Saladin Security company to protect shareholders from fraudsters.

ROBIN MORGAN, absurd new editor of the *Sunday Express*, told interviewers when he was appointed that he was not a "Wapping rottweiler", merely a "lovable collie". What he neglected to add was that he seems to have contracted rabies.

Since his arrival last month from the *Sunday Times*, there has been a mass exodus of *Getsworse* staff — Sir Jonah Junor was quickly followed by deputy editor Charles Garside, features editor Keith Turner and sports editor Ken Lawrence.

Turner's departure was perhaps the most dramatic: he announced his resignation by sticking a sheet of paper on a noticeboard saying "Ex-*Sunday Express* man seeks work where *Sunday Times* experience is not required". He then walked out of the building and was never seen again.

Moron claims that the many new vacancies will be filled by top-class *Sunset Times* hacks and other "quality talent". But he seems to be having some difficulty in persuading his old colleagues from the *ST* to jump ship.

Lured by the promise of £70,000 a year plus a top-of-the-range Ford Scorpio (2.9 V6 engine, leather trim etc, worth rather more than £25,000), *Sunset Times* executive Tony Bambridge had agreed to be Moron's deputy editor. However, when his contract arrived, Bambridge was hurt to see that a cheaper Ford Granada had been substituted. Worse, he was alarmed to notice that Moron had started printing fiction: on 17 September the *Sunday Express*'s front-page lead was a story claiming to identify the Lockerbie bomber, and a week later there was a huge front-page splash alleging that the IRA bomb in Deal had been placed more than three weeks before it went off.

No evidence was produced to support either of these "scoops", for the simple reason that both were untrue. (Morgan, *Eye* readers will remember, was responsible for the *Sunset Times*'s outstanding coverage of the Gibraltar killings last year.)

A nervous Bambridge rang Morgan and said it had been a mistake to run the stories. Morgan replied that he thought they were both first-rate. In that case, Bambridge said, perhaps he had better not take up his post as deputy editor after all. At this point Moron lost his temper and threatened to sue for breach of contract. "I'll see you in court!" he yelled.

PS: When Morgan was last mentioned in this column he was promptly defended in a toadying letter from one Michael Bilton. Now the brown-nosing has been rewarded: in the 1 October issue of the *Sunday Express* there was a long "news story" by the selfsame Michael Bilton, plugging a "moving" and "remarkable" TV documentary that was to be transmitted a couple of days later in the *First Tuesday* slot. What Bilton did not menion in his article was that the producer of this unmissable documentary was... Michael Bilton.

LIBEL NEWS

THE WEEK before the *Eye's* epic appeal against the Sonia Sutcliffe libel damages award, an item appeared in *The Times* concerning a conference on media and the law.

Arranged by an IPC subsidiary, the conference had invited Louis Blom-Cooper QC, chairman of the Press Council, to speak. In his address, reported by *The Times*, Blom-Cooper made the assertion that the huge increase in damages was due to irresponsible and over-intrusive cross-examination by lawyers. In response to a question, he referred to Mrs Sutcliffe being cross-examined about intimate details of her sexual relationship with Peter Sutcliffe.

The problem with this is that not a word of it is true.

Private Eye's barrister *never* mentioned Mrs Sutcliffe's sex-life and *at no point* cross-examined her on any intimate detail of her life with her husband.

Not only was the barrister's conduct not "irresponsible", but the judge trying the libel action praised her moderation in dealing with Mrs Sutcliffe.

Why was the chairman of the Press Council incapable of checking any of his facts and why did he substitute sheer fantasy for an easily available transcript of the trial? And why did he use this untrue allegation against the *Eye* only days before it was due at the Court of Appeal?

Blom-Cooper told the *Eye* that he would not discuss the source of his "information" and he said: "Like all good journalists I am not prepared to discuss my sources."

When pressed as to any checks he may have made he said: "I am not prepared to tell you." He then went on to complain that *The Times* did not quote him correctly. All there has been in writing from him is a pathetic letter to *The Times* admitting his comments were "unfair" and claiming he had been "badly misinformed".

There was no apology to the barrister, no apology to the magazine, no explanation of who had "misinformed" him and no explanation of the timing of his remarks.

The *Eye* spoke to Ken Morgan, the sensible director of the Press Council, who told us that as far as the Press Council was concerned, Blom-Cooper was not speaking on its behalf and it did not provide any assistance with his speech.

Blom-Cooper confirmed he was speaking in his personal capacity "having been interested in personal freedom of expression for 33 years".

When asked if he was paid for his attendance at the seminar he said he was not prepared to say, and then explained to the *Eye* that all of his comments were to be taken as "off the record".

They weren't.

Is it too much to ask that the Press Council, set up to monitor the activities of the press and to attempt to correct distortions and promote the concept of fair play in journalism, should expect no less from its own chairman?

TROUBLE at the *Sunset Times* where the much-hyped "Insight" investigation into the commercial affairs of socialist millionaire Owen Oyston has produced multiple writs, not only against the paper but against individual journalists.

The investigation was largely the work of staffer Peter (Fatty) Hounam. For some reason Alistair Brett, the in-house lawyer, does not seem to want to handle the writs and has passed them straight over to solicitors Theodore Goddard.

The long-standing policy at the *Sunset Times* seems to be for Brett and his cohorts to complete the preliminary work on a writ and then to hand it over to Theodore Goddard. So why not on this occasion? Perhaps the answer is that Brett loathes Fatty.

Some years ago Hounam co-authored a book on a cult called the School of Economic Science. He wrote it with fellow *Sunset Times* hack Andrew Hogg when both were still working for the ill-fated *Evening News*. (They were taken on by the *Sunset Times* after publication.)

When Brett saw his name in the book he issued proceedings. The embarrassing result was that Hounam and Hogg had to pay him £6,000 in damages and costs which they coughed up while working for the *Sunset Times*.

DOCUMENTS leaked to the Labour Party about water privatisation made no mention of South West Water, the authority with some of the worst problems in Britain.

Not only did SWW poison a lot of its customers at Camelford, but it is always the first to put up standpipes in a hot summer. It argues, with monotonous regularity, that it has to cope with a big influx of summer visitors. But as this happens every year, and as it has already experienced the droughts of 1976 and 1984, one might have expected it to be better prepared this year.

SWW has appalling management problems brought on largely by the Government which retired its chairman and chief executive. It also suffered from being too obedient to the Government, which wanted tremendous staff cuts.

SW Water obliged, but instead of making itself commercial it has made itself untouchable. No serious investor would buy its shares. The only ones who will do so are those institutions which are being forced to buy a "package" of shares spread over all the water authorities.

MUCH of the talk between Labour conference hacks and delegates in the bar of the Grand Hotel in Brighton last week centred on the position of Nigel Williamson.

Williamson was staying at the £100-plus a night hotel as the Walworth Road editor of *Labour Party News*, for which he held a reception at Labour Party expense.

What irked the comrades whose hard earned pennies were funding Williamson's comfortable lifestyle, was that he had agreed to write a conference diary column for the *Wapping Times* and to take the Murdoch shilling.

THE biggest conference confidence trick was organised by members of Charter 88 who arranged a fringe meeting with Lady Jane Ewart-Biggs in the chair and distinguished guests such as Peter Preston and Anthony Barnet in the audience.

Delegates were amazed to see that the three principal platform speakers in support of the Charter were to be left-wing MPs Dawn Primarolo, Ann Clwyd and Maria Fyfe. As none of them has signed the Charter, delegates began to ask those putting out the massive advanced publicity if the three really did support it. They were told unequivocally "yes".

But when delegates approached Primarolo and Clwyd they heard another story. Both insisted that not only did they not support the Charter, but they didn't even know until they saw the leaflets for the meeting that they were supposed to be talking about it. They said they thought they were appearing on a feminist platform.

The MPs had originally been approached by Hilary Wainwright, late of the GLC. As Ms Wainwright is not and never has been a member of the Labour Party, it is perhaps not surprising that she — like the voters — doesn't know the views of Labour MPs.

'Backbiter'

FOOTBALL NEWS

AT LEAST half of Manchester and most of the footballing world is probably over the moon at the unfortunate imbroglio gripping the world's most arrogant football club, Manchester United, after chief executive Martin Edwards decided to sell up to a chap with a moustache he met in a restaurant.

The controversy surrounding would-be entrepreneur Michael Knighton's will-he-won't-he bid for control at Old Trafford has come as Manchester United's once proud and upstanding name finally sinks into the mire which covers the club's grotty canal-side location.

There will soon be an emergency shareholders' meeting at which aggravated United investors will be asking — among other things — why Edwards agreed to sell his "beloved" club to a complete stranger without checking up on the man's financial background. (Knighton does not appear as a director at Company's House). And the rest of the Edwards dynasty will want to know why Edwards agreed to sell at a price so low that the astute, wheeler-dealing Knighton could identify a quick profit before the ink had even left the bottle.

For Knighton the August public relations coup which saw him become an overnight star has become this month's fiasco. His shadowy business backers deserted him, leaving him to beg an extension of the buy-out deadline; failed newspaper mogul Eddie Shah rejected his partnership offer; and the club's latest batch of over-priced signings lost 5-1 to Manchester City.

When Edwards's patience ran out at the beginning of this month, Knighton panicked and tried to enlist all manner of strange bedfellows to help him realise his dream of becoming the biggest and baddest boss in football. When that failed Knighton saw the chance to make a quick buck; Edwards saw a more sober outcome involving m'learned friends and the run of the Manchester courts.

Remarkably, Knighton's setback coincided with the departure of Her Majesty's tax representatives from the club investigating £1m worth of pay-offs and perks.

POLICE 5

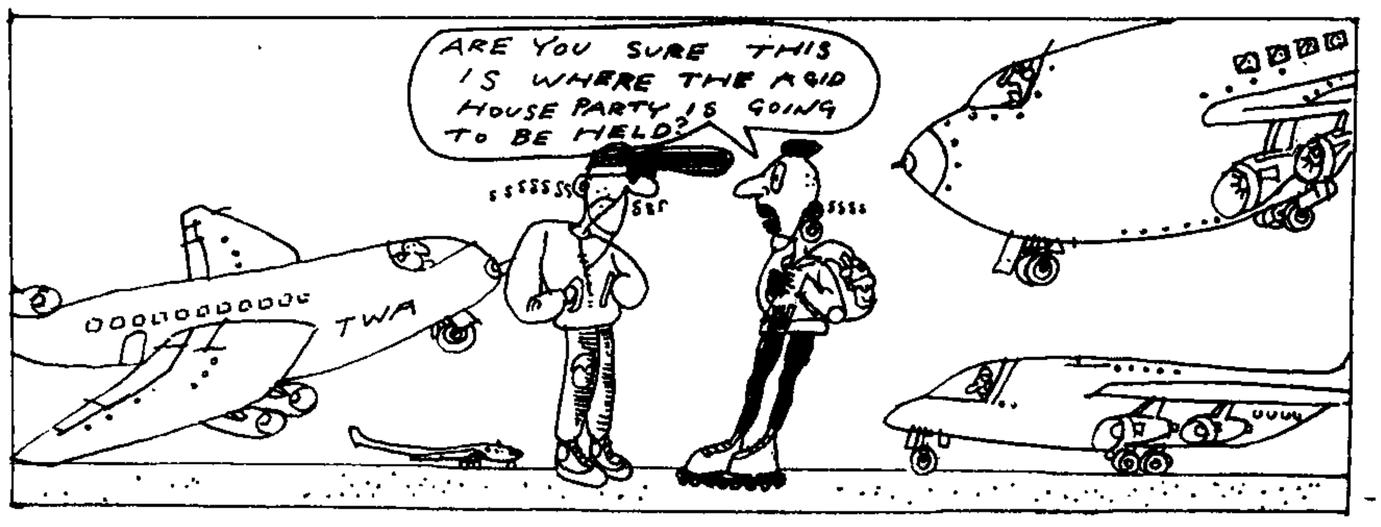
NOW THAT the image of a grieving chief constable James Anderton receiving public sympathy has receded, it's worth mentioning a small matter that puts paid to his claims that the shooting of Inspector Ray Codling by armed robber Tony Hughes in north Manchester last month was an "isolated incident and the antics of a lunatic".

Two days before Hughes opened fire on Inspector Codling at a motorway service station, bullet-proofed members of Greater Manchester Police's feared serious crimes squad had spent 24 hours staking out Hughes's squalid home. They left when he failed to turn up.

Thanks to the efforts of GMP's traffic division, however, Hughes was due in court on a speeding charge a few days after the bungled raid. As we now know he failed to turn up, but why the traffic cops failed to identify him as the man wanted for removing a dangerous weapon from Diggle Gun Club two years previously, or as the man who had botched a bank raid in south Manchester and accidentally let off his gun on a bus while escaping, perhaps James Anderton would like to answer.

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH



Grovel

I HEAR that the influx of affluent Hong Kong Chinese into Britain is creating something of a headache for immigration officials as the Chinese are being hotly followed by bevies of Thai beauties who are pursuing their "customers".

The immigration officers are so worried about these unwelcome "working" tourists that they have despatched a senior woman official to work on a four-month secondment with the Bangkok vice squad. Is this just another disincentive to our enterprising friends from HK?

MY OLD friend Frank Bough is still getting work, I am glad to see. Ten thousand lucky people around the country have received letters in the past fortnight revealing that they have been "priority selected" (*sic*) to receive "a brand new 24" satellite dish and receiver fully compatible with Sky TV transmissions".

To collect this attractive prize, all they have to do is "make an appointment and attend a 90-minute presentation featuring Frank Bough". The only other conditions are that "husbands and wives must attend together", and the "programme is most suited to 23-65 year olds".

An adult Sky TV programme featuring Frank at his naughtiest, perhaps? No. In fact this is a sales gimmick to lure punters to exhibitions put on by World Holiday Ownership Ltd, a Manchester company that flogs time-share properties. The "90-minute presentation featuring Frank Bough" does not mention Sky TV once and is merely a long (and well-paid) lecture from Sky-High's "Old Frel" on the joys of buying a time-share.

It seems a smart idea since the potential market for Sky TV is probably much the same as for time-shares — ie morons. But a spokesman for World Holiday Ownership told me this week that sadly the offer of free Sky dishes and receivers ("worth £300") had not brought the customers flocking in. Perhaps the prospect of one and a half hours of Frank Bough was more than they could bear.

"We'd like a table by the toilet..."

Pseuds Corner

He [Martin Amis] has already started to raise the nuclear issue with the four-year-old but feels that "banning weapons from the house is too literal-minded a way of instilling early morality".

Independent

She [Tessa Kennedy] has the fine old-fashioned skin, the wide innocent eyes of a magyar icon, but the fiery photogenic façade of a modern film star. She is endowed with the taut body and lithe movements of a tennis player. She has the throaty chuckle, the endlessly-ravelled European-style raconte peppered with bang-up-to-date slang that point out her dual continental birth and upbringing. There is only a slight exotic deposit in her voice, a deep contralto, but her vision is decidedly new-worldly.

NICHOLAS HASLAM
World of Interiors

"I have a very close relationship with the ground. The first time I made love it was with the ground. I made a little hole, and when I reached orgasm the earth made some very heady smells — of flowers and rosemary."

PACO RABANE
She Magazine

She [Margaret Drabble] is calm about her literary competence but still has a sense of wonder about life's emotional bonuses — the babies, the friends, the rewards of love. In Australia, she stood among the alien Crocodile Dundees and pondered, "It's almost impossible to believe that a man like Michael Holroyd really exists."

CLARE BOYLAN
Cosmopolitan

I can tell the summer is nearly over because, going barefoot in the garden since May, I develop tough, leathery, cave-woman soles, and the desire to peel the hard skin round my heels always becomes irresistible at this time of year. Sitting on the step, peeling my feet, and surreptitiously chewing the peelings, I survey a parched plot.

VICTORIA GLENDINNING
Sunday Correspondent

I do believe there is a greater scheme of things. That's why I'm into psychological astrology. It's a blending of mainly Jungian psychology with astrology and it's absolutely fascinating. Astrology has an awful lot to give psychology. I could go on for days when I talk about the spiritual world and the oceanic realm of the imagination and being at one with the universe, but astrology brings it down to one word, and the word is Neptune. This one word is the symbol for books and books and books.

ROLAND ORZABAL
(Tears For Fears)
Melody Maker

Opening with a fast cycle of fourths (Joe Henderson is quite happy with standard jazz forms), he skidded through a solo of muttering double-time, oblique resolutions and deft but minimal use of the modern saxophonist's favourite prop of fast, repeated phrases to suggest rhythmic momentum.

When he eventually returned to the original notes, they were played so offhandedly as to convey the impression that he was handling them like a bank clerk discarding old money, the better to concentrate on the glancing arpeggios and flickering embellishments in between that really interested him.

JOHN FORDHAM
Guardian

CONTRIBUTORS: S. Mann, Cinzia O'Toole, Susan Pryce, Merle St Brioche, Susan Ljunggren, Richard Sykes, Ken Rogers.

£5 paid for entries

MUCH embarrassment among the dons at the Royal School of Mines, part of London University's Imperial College. In these times of cutbacks in higher education, a valuable collection of antique books has inadvertently been destroyed.

The department of mineral resources engineering had a disused library which contained some 2,500 books including very large, bound atlases dating back to the 1840s. In excellent condition, they were stored in glass-fronted bookcases. Yet for some reason the collection was removed recently and dumped into a rubbish skip equipped with a hydraulic crusher.

Luckily a cleaner spotted what was happening and alerted some of the students. They were only able to rescue some of the books, however, and now the red-faced head of the department, Professor Archer, and his assistant director, Dr Gochin, must decide who shall answer for this appalling cock-up.

● *THE Independent Magazine has lapsed from its usually scrupulous standards of originality by publishing a lengthy profile of chess superstar Jon Speelman by the Chancellor's sprog, Dominic Lawson.*

Admirable proof though this is of his money-making ability, the article is substantially the same as Lawson junior's earlier piece on Speelman in the February-March edition of GQ. Indeed the Indie Mag "rewrite" contained only 47 lines that were different.

KEN BATES, chairman of Chelsea Football Club, sued and obtained damages from the Mirror Group recently using the good offices of my old friend, solicitor Peter Carter-Fuck.

Now, by some terrible misfortune, someone in Carter-Fuck's office has sent Mr Bates's file to another client by mistake and the wicked client has suggested that I might like to buy it.

Naturally I refused, and the disgruntled fellow has now said that he is going to take it down to the *Mirror* to see if anyone there would like to read Mr Bates's views of Robert Maxwell. How unfortunate.

● *NEWS of my friend Cap'n Bob reaches me from Chicago, where it seems a "For Sale" sign is hanging on Sears Towers, the tallest building in the world.*

Olympia and York wants to sell space in it and Cap'n Bob wants about 500,000 square feet — more than enough to accommodate his impressive frame. The only stumbling block so far revealed in public in Windy City, however, is that the Cap'n wants to rename the building Maxwell Towers.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

NUMBERS 53-59 Belsize Avenue are two pairs of large semi-detached Victorian houses in Hampstead built by the developer William Willett, the inventor of "Daylight Saving". The houses are not listed but are within the Belsize Park Conservation Area.

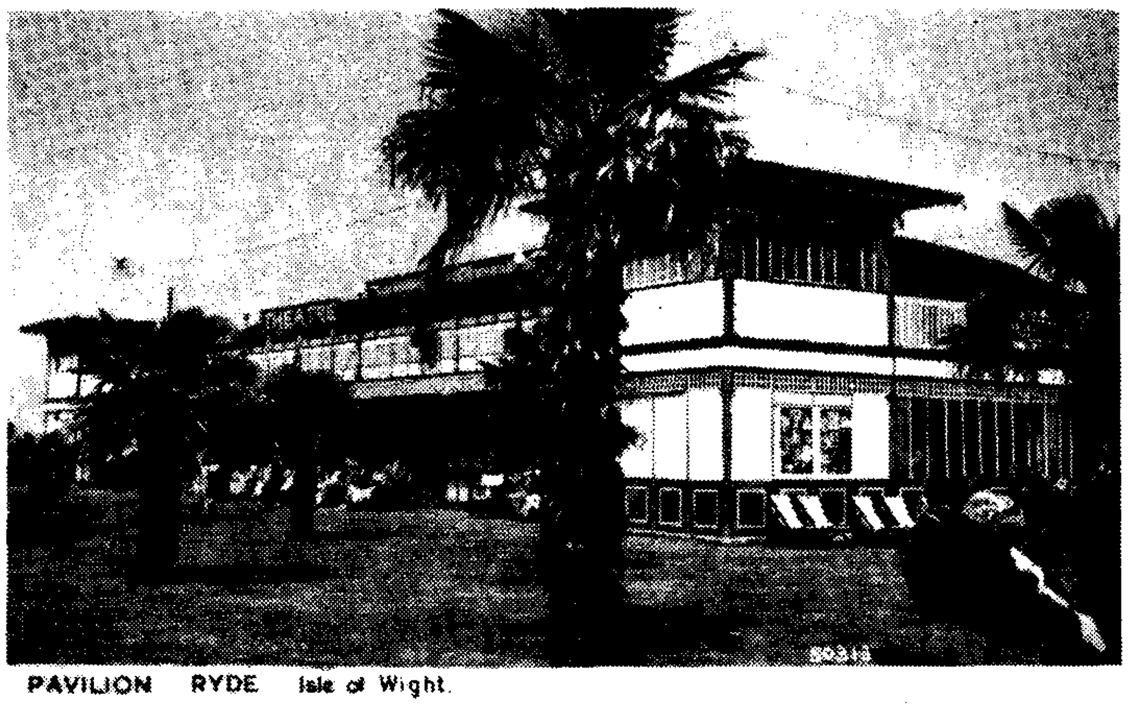
In 1987 the London Borough of Camden applied to purchase these houses compulsorily on the grounds that they were in a poor state of repair and with the purpose of building low-cost rented housing on the site. A resident of No 59 objected that this property was in good order and a public inquiry was held. In January 1988, the secretary of state endorsed his inspector's advice and confirmed the compulsory purchase order.

So much for the coherence and intent of the conservation area. But what of the new housing which Caring Camden was so keen to supply? At the inquiry, the objector questioned the ability of the People's Republic to finance any new housing on the site, but the secretary of state noted "the council's assurance recorded in para 52 of the Inspector's Report that they are confident that they have the necessary financial resources."

Yet in September 1988 a Camden planning officer informed the Belsize Conservation Area Advisory Committee that "regrettably the Council does not have the resources to develop the site itself; and as a result it is likely that the site will subsequently be sold, preferably to a Housing Association, or less preferably to a private developer at auction."

In April 1989, the council amended the development brief in favour of higher density so as "to achieve maximum value for the site" and, the same month, the deputy borough valuer announced that the site would be sold by open tender and that, as a result, "it is most unlikely that [housing associations] would be able to carry out a viable scheme."

In other words, the declared purpose of the compulsory purchase has been betrayed and decent Victorian houses in a conservation area that could and should have been repaired have been destroyed — not to make way for low cost housing as Camden stated, but merely to make as much money as possible for the Council. Westminster's Lady Porter has nothing to teach these good Labour councillors. The London Borough of Camden is as bankrupt morally as it is politically.



PAVILION RYDE Isle of Wight.

ANOTHER local authority brimming over with concern and accountabilty is Medina Borough Council (Con). My illustration shows the pavilion at Ryde on the Isle of Wight, a cast-iron seaside building built in 1926. It is a suitably ornamental and delightful structure in good condition which is much liked and which contributes to the considerable charm of Ryde as a Victorian seaside resort.

Medina Borough Council, in its wisdom, wishes to demolish it to make way for a £2.5 million "water theme entertainments centre" to provide "an enthralling visit for young and old alike" to "discover the magic and mysteries of the oceans". These mysteries will be revealed in a building which is to be three times the size of the existing pavilion and which will cover much more of the seaside gardens.

This gratuitous facility will be erected by Messrs Water Planet Ltd of Christchurch, a firm with no previous experience in building or running such a thing. But Medina is so desperate to have this development that, last January, the good councillors were prepared to offer £l million of ratepayers' money to any potential developer as a sweetener (which surely suggests that the project may be unviable as well as undesirable).

This scheme has provoked considerable opposition among those unimaginative locals who prefer a charming iron pavilion to the marketing of the ocean's mysteries. COPAS (Conserve our Pavilion and Seafront) argues that the existing pavilion can be easily restored and upgraded. It also points out that, under the Isle of Wight replacement structure plan (designed to control unsuitable development on the island and approved by the DoE), any new buildings should harmonise with their surroundings by "not intruding into prominent views..." and that "trees, open spaces and other natural features" and "buildings are retained wherever possible". Messrs Water Planet's brick and concrete monster offends in every possible way, yet Medina is undaunted.

A carefully worded questionnaire was selectively issued in conjunction with an exhibition of the proposals that the council suddenly mounted in July. As a result, the council claimed that 404 voted in favour of "selective progressive development" and only 190 against. Yet the population of Ryde is over 25,000 and, in September, 5,300 people signed a petition objecting to the demolition of the pavilion. Naturally, the good councillors ignored such impertinence and all save two voted in favour of the redevelopment. Who on earth do these people think they represent?

'Piloti'

HEALTH NEWS

MORE BAD news for those in west London who intend to be ill over the next couple of decades: the money available to be spent on health care services at the controversial new Chelsea and Westminster Hospital (see *Eyes passim*) now depends entirely on the outcome of an unseemly property lottery.

The lottery centres on the redevelopment of St Mary Abbot's Hospital in Marloes Road, Kensington — nine prime acres that the property speculators — sorry, health chiefs — at the North West Thames Health Authority hope will become a high density housing complex.

The authority needs to raise as much cash as possible from the sale of the site to put towards the giant new hospital that will bring traffic chaos to the Fulham Road. The value of the St Mary Abbot's land depends on the planning permission pertaining to it, and the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea has just thrown a spanner in the works.

Last month its town planning committee gave planning permission for 137 flats, 67 houses and 291 parking places in the area, currently a leafy backwater between Kensington High Street and Cromwell Road. This, according to the health authority, is not nearly enough and a new application is being submitted.

The health authority has already sold 4.9 acres to developers Taylor Woodrow for £45 million. It hopes to raise the same again from the rest of the land on which Taylor Woodrow has first option.

An indication of health authority thinking appeared in the local press, where a spokesman was quoted as saying: "We want to get the maximum amount of money out of the site because we need the cash for developing health care services... This in no way puts the new Westminster at risk. But obviously the more money we can get the more we can develop the facilities we need in good time."

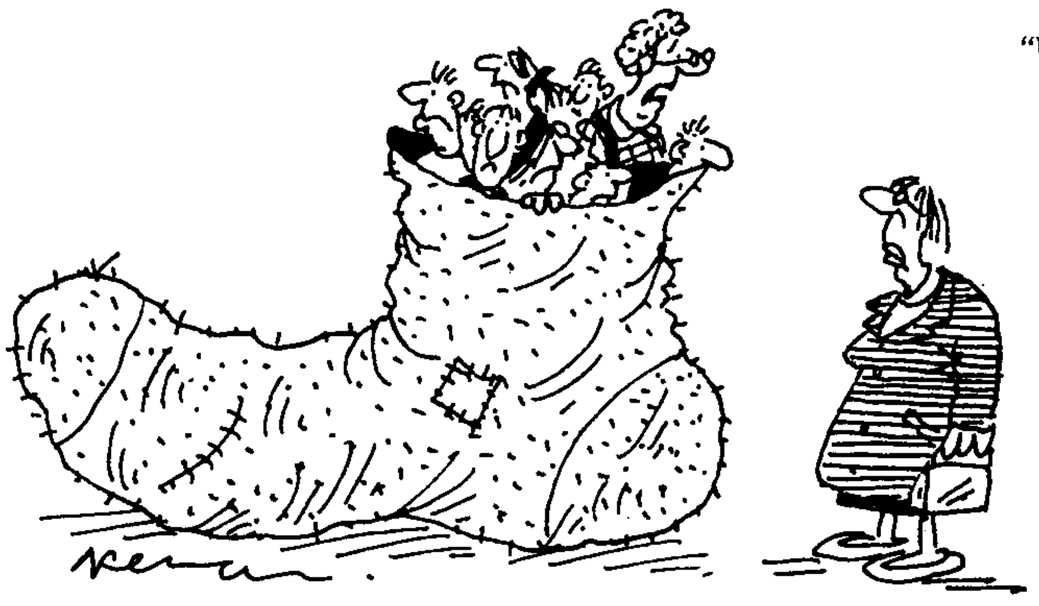
ISLE OF MAN NEWS

HOW FAR advanced is De Beers, the South African diamond giant, with its plans for a complex currently being built on the Isle of Man effectively with the status of a freeport.

With the connivance of the Manx government, De Beers has been able to build a runway and massive warehouses within its complex which would escape the eyes of the curious — or the attention of local customs officers.

It is clear that the firm intends to transfer its diamond wholesaling operations from the Shannon freeport on the west coast of Ireland, but what was not known previously is that the South Africans intend to move their Swiss operation to the IoM as well.

Although De Beers is behind in its building schedule, even larger warehouse facilities are being planned. To confuse matters further, the company now prefers to be known as Cayenne Ltd.



"When mortgage rates went up I had to sell the shoe"

TV

Parky

(Thames)

MARKING the return of Michael Parkinson to (the theory goes) Sophisticated Late-Night Entertainment, *Parky* is available only to those viewers living within the transmission area of Thames, its producers.

First memo to those living outside London: do not, on this occasion, under any circumstances complain about the innate metropolitan bias of British television. You have been very, very lucky.

Nor, on this particular occasion, would it be proper for columns like this one to rehearse the deals, squeals and heels of the ITV programming committees, a cabal run by the biggest five companies, in which each of the ITV giants fights to ensure the maximum promotion for its own programmes and the minimum exposure for those made by minnows or those of the other giants it particularly dislikes.

Second memo to those living outside London: cabals are not necessarily always an entirely bad thing. If there was an anti-*Parky* alliance on this one, thank God for it.

The opening titles are festooned with intendedly humorous satirical and topical cartoons which might have raised a smile on the right afternoon in 1963. The title music is a variation on the one Harry Stoneham and the boys used to play at the start of *Parkinson* on the BBC all those years ago. *Parky* — the nicknaming title, like the signature tune, desperately backdated to the seventies, is a sort of first, establishing naffness — is then revealed to feature Michael Parkinson at a single desk. To his right, at a three-seater desk, are Willie Rushton, Frances Edmonds and Peter McKay. These are representatives of three generations of British humour: Rushton was quite funny a few decades ago; Edmonds quite funny a few years ago and (obviously included on the panel as a sort of scientific control) McKay has never been funny at all.

If the line-up has anything in its favour, it is that it permits the viewer to play the mildly diverting party game: I Wonder Who Else They Couldn't Get? The producers would never now admit it, but it seems more than probable that, at an earlier stage in the planning, drinks invitations were extended to such as Julie Birchill, Craig Brown, Howard Jacobson and Michael White. In fact, it must be hoped that this is the case. The only other possible explanation is that the producers seriously believe that Rushton, McKay and Edmonds are the wackiest current satirical talents available.

Take McKay. There is a popular term of derision in the media for those who make a living from producers who, worried about that Metropolitan Bias, desperately try to include abrasive Celts in their show. The term is Professional Scot. That is too polite to McKay, who somehow contrives even to be an Amateur Scot. His swept-back crinkled hair reminis-

cent of the chips in the posher cafes, McKay is present to provide sophisticated late-night wit. Of these three requirements, he meets only the chronological one.

Parkinson, previously famous for his indulgence of the vertical pronoun ("Believe me, I am not exaggerating when I say that my guests on my show convince me that I..."), has at least broken with that trope now, perhaps because he is reluctant to take responsibility for the proceedings. He spent an indecently large section of the first show discoursing on the subject of dog shit, an item of fascination really only to those media studies courses which agonise about the relationship between form and content in television. As he demonstrated varieties of pooper-scooper from around Europe, it was hard not to see his progress from decently funny writer and diligent television interviewer to Which Shit Shifter? as the ultimate exemplary screwed-up media career.

So how does a programme like *Parky* get made? First, Parkinson has wanted to do something like it ever since his friend and rival, the late Russell Harty, fronted the not dissimilar (except that it was funny) *Saturday Night People* for LWT in the seventies. Secondly, note the presence in the credits of the name John Fisher. His finest and most respectable hour in television was as producer of *Parkinson*, the first regular British talk show which is habitually badmouthed but was less of a plug shop than most of those programmes which have followed it. Fisher moved to Thames and Parky to TV-am, Australia and elsewhere, but the men remained mates and this nostalgic collaboration is the media equivalent of those holidays in which two middle-aged men return to the seaside resort where they used to pull the birds for a bag of chips.

However, their menopausal

need to revisit their roots would be harmless unless there were a television company willing to indulge it. The agreement of Thames to back *Parky* is indicative of a wider nostalgia in television. It is a rule of the medium that all producers over 40 are obsessed with recreating the perceived golden age of *TW3*. Missing the comparison by more than most, Parkinson and his three panellists might just become known, but only in a very specialised sense, as TW4 — That Wanker, That Wanker...

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

THE Department of Trade and Industry has asked HPICM, the conference organising subsidiary of Saatchi & Saatchi, to produce a video on "How to Manage Better".

The video, which is already being made, concentrates on one company in particular and holds it up as a model of good management — Ferranti.

SKY TELEVISION'S burly political correspondent, the preposterous Adam Boulton, has drawn up a list of MPs who — so he tells his bosses — should be given free satellite dishes.

Apart from government ministers, shadow spokesman and committee chairmen, there are just nine backbenchers on the list: Terry "rentaquote" Dicks, Richard Shepherd, Tony Benn, John Greenway, Harry Greenway, Jeremy Hayes, Tony Banks, Denis Healey and Michael Heseltine.

These lucky people, Boulton explains, "work late into the night and need news access at strange hours". Whether they want Sky access is quite another matter.

AN EDITION of the Channel 4 disability programme *Same Difference* about The Spastics Society was substantially cut after a solicitor's letter arrived from the charity.

The charity's £50,000 a year chief executive Ken Young (see *Eyes passim*), formerly head of East Sussex County Council's social services department, asked for all references to Colwall Court, a property in Bexhill-on-Sea, to be cut from the programme.

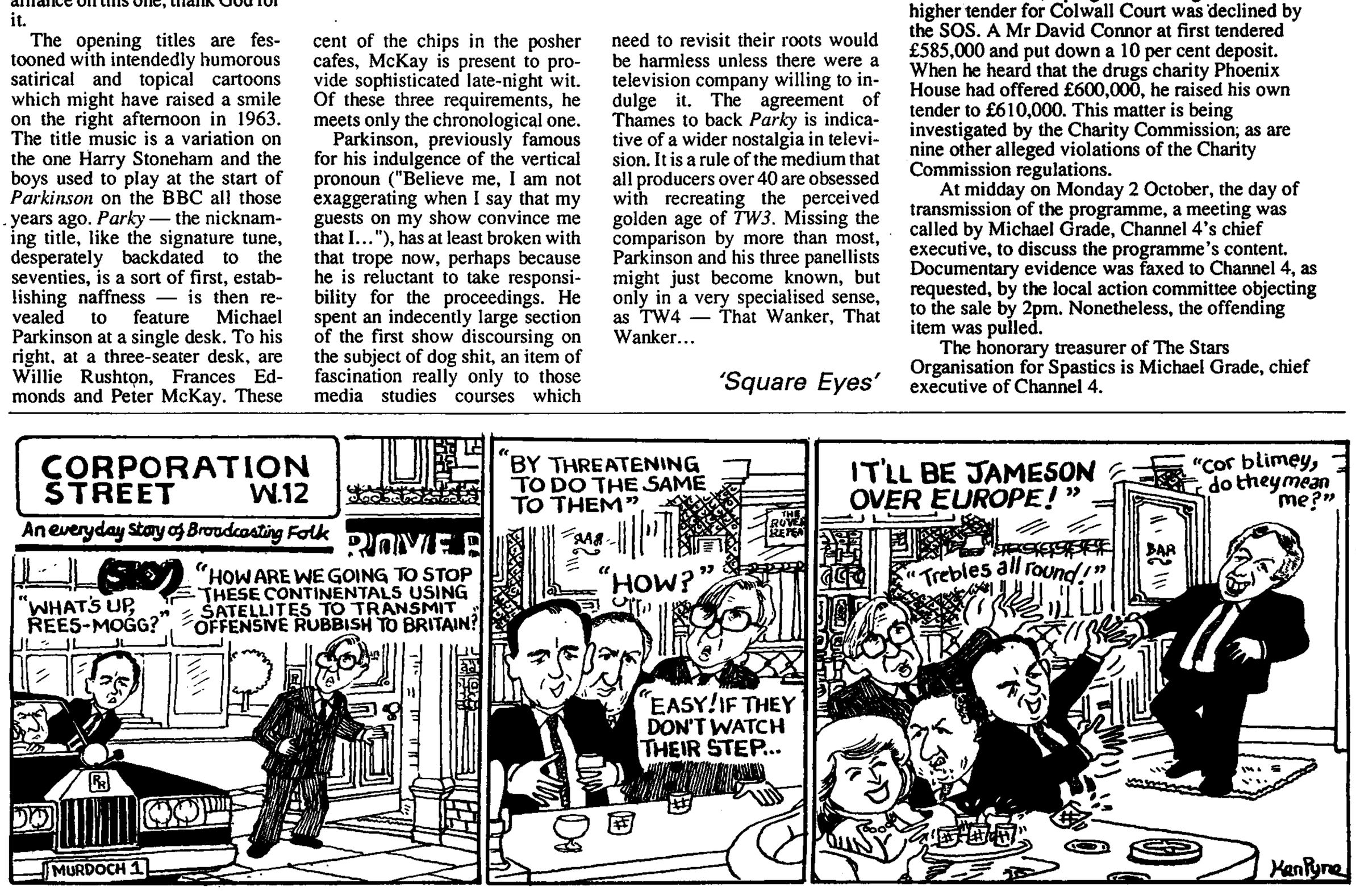
Until recently Colwall Court was owned by the Stars Organisation for Spastics (SOS), a showbusiness charity formed to assist The Spastics Society in its work. Mark Todd, the presenter of *Same Difference*, had intended to criticise management decisions, in particular the decision by The Spastics Society to sell Colwall Court for £600,000 to a drug rehabilitation unit.

This sale is presently being investigated by the Charities Commission, because the property was valued locally at £1.2 million and Charity Commission rules require such property to be sold to the highest bidder.

The Channel 4 programme alleged that a higher tender for Colwall Court was declined by the SOS. A Mr David Connor at first tendered £585,000 and put down a 10 per cent deposit. When he heard that the drugs charity Phoenix House had offered £600,000, he raised his own tender to £610,000. This matter is being investigated by the Charity Commission; as are nine other alleged violations of the Charity Commission regulations.

At midday on Monday 2 October, the day of transmission of the programme, a meeting was called by Michael Grade, Channel 4's chief executive, to discuss the programme's content. Documentary evidence was faxed to Channel 4, as requested, by the local action committee objecting to the sale by 2pm. Nonetheless, the offending item was pulled.

The honorary treasurer of The Stars Organisation for Spastics is Michael Grade, chief executive of Channel 4.


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday Story of Broadcasting Folk
"WHAT'S UP, REES-MOGG?"
"HOW ARE WE GOING TO STOP THESE CONTINENTALS USING SATELLITES TO TRANSMIT OFFENSIVE RUBBISH TO BRITAIN?"
MURDOCH 1
"BY THREATENING TO DO THE SAME TO THEM"
"HOW?"
"EASY! IF THEY DON'T WATCH THEIR STEP..."
IT'LL BE JAMESON OVER EUROPE!"
"Trebles all round!"
"cor blimey, do they mean me?"
BAR
Ken Pyrne

Sutcliffe v. Pressdram

(In the Court of Appeal before the Master of the Rolls, Lord Donaldson, with Lord Justice Nourse and Lord Justice Russell.)

ON TUESDAY 3 October *Private Eye* began its appeal against a jury decision in May to award £600,000 in libel damages to Mrs Sonia Sutcliffe, estranged wife of the Yorkshire Ripper, for a story published in 1981, and again in 1983, alleging she had done a deal to sell her story to the *Daily Mail* for £250,000.

The *Eye* had conceded at the trial that this allegation had later been shown to be false, but nonetheless sought to justify the sting of the libel by showing that in other subsequent instances Mrs Sutcliffe had been prepared to capitalise on the notorious reputation of her husband as a mass killer.

Gavin Lightman, QC, appeared for the *Eye*, with Adrienne Page as his junior. He argued that the jury verdict should be set aside and a retrial ordered on three grounds: firstly that new evidence had been discovered which might produce a different result; secondly that the trial judge had misdirected the jury as to damages; and finally that the award was so excessive the jury must have been perverse and irrational or have misdirected themselves to consider inappropriate matters.

In arguing that the new evidence could meet the sting of the libel, Mr Lightman read out the affidavit of Oliver Duke, a journalist and former boyfriend of *Mail on Sunday* journalist Barbara Jones. His affidavit stated that in 1987 he had been the channel by which Barbara Jones had made a secret payment of £25,000 to Sonia Sutcliffe in return for an interview published in the *Mail on Sunday*, despite that paper's publicly stated policy of not paying money to criminals or their families.

Lord Donaldson questioned the admissibility of this evidence at a retrial since it was largely hearsay. Mr Lightman, however, argued that the affidavit, combined with the physical evidence of bank statements and the plaintiff's concession through her counsel that Barbara Jones had lent her the £25,000, was sufficient material for him to introduce new admissible evidence at a retrial by subpoenaing Barbara Jones, and the *Mail on Sunday*'s editor, Stewart Steven, to explain the payment.

He then referred to the affidavit of Christopher Silvester, an *Eye* journalist, who stated that he had been told over a lunch with Miss Susan Douglas, former features editor of the *Mail on Sunday*, that she had travelled to Bradford to tell Mrs Sutcliffe that the paper could not pay her for the Barbara Jones interview; and that Mrs Sutcliffe had thereupon flown into a rage. Again the bench questioned the admissibility of this affidavit, and again Mr Lightman argued that it put him in a position to subpoena Miss Douglas at a retrial. He also said that there was no reason to suppose that journalists who had freely volunteered information in this way would not tell the truth in the witness box.

Mr Lightman then invited the judges to consider whether Mrs Sutcliffe had misled the court during her cross-examination by failing to make it clear that the private person and friend from whom she had received the £25,000 was the journalist Barbara Jones. She had denied that the money came from a newspaper and, when asked to identify the gender of this private benefactor, had declined to do so on the grounds that if she were to say it was a man people might speculate that she was having an affair with him. Mr Lightman claimed that since it had been conceded by the plaintiff after the trial but a few days prior to the appeal hearing that the benefactor was Barbara Jones, her answer about gender had been a diversion.

Turning to the question of excessive damages, Mr Lightman cited various cases showing that the Court of Appeal had been prepared to interfere with a jury's award when the damages were so excessive that no reasonable jury could have reached such a decision; or out of proportion to the facts of the case; or bore no relation between the wrong done and the consolation applied; or where it could be inferred that the jury were misled by prejudice or passion.

He advised the judges that earlier authorities had been decided at a time when the law permitted libel damages to reflect an element of punishment as well as compensation. Since libel damages are supposed to be compensatory, unless a special pleading is made for exemplary damages, the principle is that damages should approximate to the sum that would put the plaintiff in the same position as if he had not sustained the wrong; and that they should compensate for injury to feelings as well as to reputation.

Mr Lightman reminded the judges that a plaintiff may not recover damages to restore his reputation to a higher level than to that at which it had stood, as in the case of Mrs Sutcliffe. In support of this he referred to the plaintiff's own evidence that she had been a hated person at the time of the libel. Lord Justice Russell took issue with this point, saying that the fact that she was hated did not mean that her reputation was diminished.

Mr Lightman then considered the question of aggravated damages, which he described as an area of law that frequently perplexed lawyers let alone lay persons. Mrs Sutcliffe had claimed aggravated damages at the trial arising out of the hurt to her feelings occasioned by the publication of two *Eye* articles in 1989. She had also separately sued for libel over these articles after the trial.

Mr Lightman was concerned that the jury at the trial, despite being warned by the trial judge, might have awarded an element of aggravated damages in respect of these articles as if they were themselves being sued upon as libels and not as factors that hurt her feelings. Mr Lightman asserted that the jury might have misdirected themselves over aggravated damages and over the firebomb incident, which was introduced at the trial without warning by Mrs Sutcliffe's counsel. He alleged that a firebomb which gutted her matrimonial home in 1981 might have been provoked by the *Eye* libel, even though the incident had taken place against the general background of the Ripper's trial. Mr Lightman argued that there was a remoteness in law as well as a lack of factual evidence linking the *Eye* article and the firebomb.

Finally, Mr Lightman considered whether the trial judge had misdirected the jury as to damages in relation to aggravated damages, the firebomb incident, and vindication as a separate heading from compensation of which it should rightly have formed only a part.

ON THE second day of the appeal, Mrs Sutcliffe's counsel, Geoffrey Shaw, presented his submissions as to why the jury's verdict should stand. "One half of the defence is bogus and the other half is impermissible," he told the judges.

The "new evidence" about Barbara Jones which *Private Eye* sought to introduce was "wholly improper and impermissible". One part of the new evidence — Christopher Silvester's affidavit about his conversation with Sue Douglas — was nothing more than "third-hand hearsay", he claimed. "And," he added, "they're journalists, and it's after lunch."

"Really, Mr Shaw!" Lord Donaldson interjected. "Evidence is credible from journalists after lunch."

Mr Shaw's argument was that leave should not be granted for *Private Eye* to introduce the new evidence about the £25,000, because it did not concern the plea at issue — whether Mrs Sutcliffe had made a £250,000 deal with the *Daily Mail* in 1981. It could not form a defence of justification, nor could it be used in mitigation of damages.

Lord Justice Russell asked Mr Shaw to suppose for the sake of argument that Mrs Sutcliffe *had* accepted £25,000 for the *Mail on Sunday* interview. Was it fair, he asked, that she should get the same damages as if she had never accepted any money from the press at all? "It's not perfect justice," Mr Shaw said. Lord Justice Russell replied: "It's not justice at all." The question of the £25,000, he suggested, was "not completely remote" from the original allegation.

After the lunch adjournment, Mr Shaw referred to the evidence given by his client when she was cross-examined during the trial. "My client nowhere denied that the £25,000 was obtained from a journalist," he said. She had said that the benefactor was a "private person" whom she "had occasion to see from time to time... as a friend". The trial judge had asked whether it was an individual person rather than "a company or newspaper or bank or anything like that", and she had replied: "Certainly it's one private person only." But this did not amount to an untruthful denial that the private person was also a journalist. That Mrs Sutcliffe had declined to answer whether the friend was a man or a woman, Mr Shaw said, was "an unfortunate answer from a tired witness."

Concerning the question of damages, Mr Shaw argued that £600,000 could not be described as perversely high in view of the size of some other recent awards — the case of Jeffrey Archer against the *Daily Star*, for instance (£500,000), or Narendra Sethia against the *Mail on Sunday* (£260,000). Judges and newspapers might consider these amounts excessive, but juries obviously did not.

Lord Donaldson asked whether the jury might have been awarding punitive rather than merely compensatory damages, in spite of the judge's warning to them that they could not legally do so. Mrs Sutcliffe's award, he pointed out, would give her an income of £60,000 a year for life if it were invested at 10 per cent interest — and at the end of that she would still have the original £600,000 left over. "I find that rather surprising as compensation," he suggested.

Mr Shaw disagreed. He believed that it was probably a unique case, with a uniquely vulnerable plaintiff, whom the jury felt shouldn't have to suffer any more. "It was probable that with a type of aggravated libel, and with a defence that was blatantly bogus and came apart during the trial, they decided to add a nought to the amount of damages."

ON THE THIRD day of the appeal, Mr Shaw briefly concluded his submissions on behalf of Mrs Sutcliffe. She fully deserved her £600,000, he insisted. However, if the court decided at the end of the day to overturn the award, "then she for her part — although she does not fear a retrial and again does not relish it — would be willing to accept whatever your lordships should decide is the right figure."

This offer took *Private Eye*'s counsel by surprise. After an adjournment he told the judges that his clients could not accept it. The magazine wanted a retrial on both its liability and the size of the damages, since the new evidence of Barbara Jones's £25,000 payment might persuade a jury to "take a very different view" of Sonia Sutcliffe's willingness to negotiate with the press. *Private Eye* was prepared to have the retrial heard by a judge alone, but this was not acceptable to Mrs Sutcliffe's counsel.

In conclusion, Mr Lightman said that in law damages should be "sufficient to compensate for the wrong, no more, no less" and they could not include an element of penalty. The criterion was what the plaintiff ought to receive rather than what the defendant ought to pay. If the award stood, there would be precious little scope for "that sort of investigative and critical journalism that is an essential feature of an informed democracy".

Of course there would sometimes be mistakes in such journalism, he said, but the damages awarded for these mistakes should not be so huge as to put out of business "all but the largest media moguls". There should be respect for the law, but not fear. This kind of libel award created not only fear but also despair.

The Master of the Rolls and his two colleagues then adjourned briefly before announcing that they would reserve their judgement. It would probably be given in two or three weeks' time.

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

REPORTS have reached the steading that the once tranquil pastures of the Vegetarian Society now echo to the sound of conflict. It seems that the polyunsaturates are at each other's throats over who's to blame for the society's dismal recent performance as a lobby group and why one of the country's oldest green movements should be stuck with its stodgy brown image.

Young Penelope, who renounced all flesh on her seventeenth birthday, says it came to a head at the September AGM. Chairman Maxwell Lee apparently came under fire for flogging the society's seal of approval for products containing the dreaded battery egg, a policy that's now been changed. It seems you can find the veggies' symbol on a whole clutch of doubtful items these days, including foods considered beyond the pail by groups like the RSPCA and the Soil Association.

Then there's the society's disastrous venture into catalogue marketing. Although the annual report spoke of "a very disappointing revenue", the so-called fund-raising effort actually chalked up a loss of £13,000.

At that rate it won't take long to whittle away the nest-egg left by flogging off of its prestigious Kensington HQ. According to Penny, the sole London staff member is having to labour in a poky broom cupboard so small that if he were a calf they'd send for a vet. The charity's northern staff meanwhile stroll about in 3½ acres at the new HQ in Cheshire's Bacardi belt.

One of the sternest critics of the way the Veggy Soc is run is veteran food and farming campaigner Alan Long. He complains that his electoral statement for the southern committee election was butchered by a caucus of committee members and rival candidates who objected to his forthright views.

The final printed version was circulated to society members without any mention that it had been doctored.

Crusader Long says muddle and mistrust have robbed the Veggy Society of a great chance to advance the cause at a time the greens are getting interested. According to Penny, that's why the management want to shut him up.

***FRESH FROM** its success flogging its product as a cure for brittle bone disease in the elderly, the Milk Monopoly Board has come up with a brilliant new wheeze for unloading surpluses. Why not cash in on public sentiment for underprivileged kids?*

The board's front organisation — the National Dairy Council — says it will donate money to Save the Children for every extra pint sold between now and the end of November. Sounds good, until you realise how little is being given away: just one penny a pint.

To raise £100,000 for the charity — the stated aim — the public will have to force down an extra 10 million pints of milk while the MMB will rake in another £1.3 million. Pretty smart business, especially when you think the board's additional costs will be minimal.

"Schools will be joining in the fun, too," chortles the Dairy Council. The idea is to see which can collect the most milk bottle tops. Presumably the schools really do believe that swallowing yet more of a liquid that's 4 per cent fat and 88 per cent water can be fun.

Old Muck has a far better plan for helping underprivileged youngsters. Why not buy a pint or two less milk this autumn and donate the cash direct to Save the Children? That way you'll help them a lot more and probably feel a lot better yourself too.

Sally Deedes

HOW LONG can "a few moments" last? It all depends if you are with the Woolwich building society or not.

One reader wishing to deposit a cheque at his building society on a Friday night was told by a cash machine: "Service is unavailable — please wait a few moments." Obediently he waited and tried again only to be given the same message. A few hours later he tried once more and again was told to wait. Exasperated, he went home and wrote to the Woolwich to ask exactly how long is a Woolwich "moment".

The building society's computer department ignored his suggestion that removing the message "please wait a few moments" might prevent the frustrated depositor from hanging around in windy streets when the machine was simply out of order. He was told that the Woolwich was "in high level discussions with British Telecom in order to put malfunctioning machines back in order". The reply continued: "May we bring to your attention that the Woolwich is one of the only two Building Societies that are members of both the LINK and the MATRIX systems? This gives you the facility to make a withdrawal or an investment at over 1500 machines (belonging to other Societies) throughout the country."

Armed with this information he tried the Halifax, the Abbey National, the Alliance and Leicester, the Leeds, Nationwide and the Town and Country building societies — all of whom displayed either Matrix or Link signs and all of whom refused to accept his deposit.

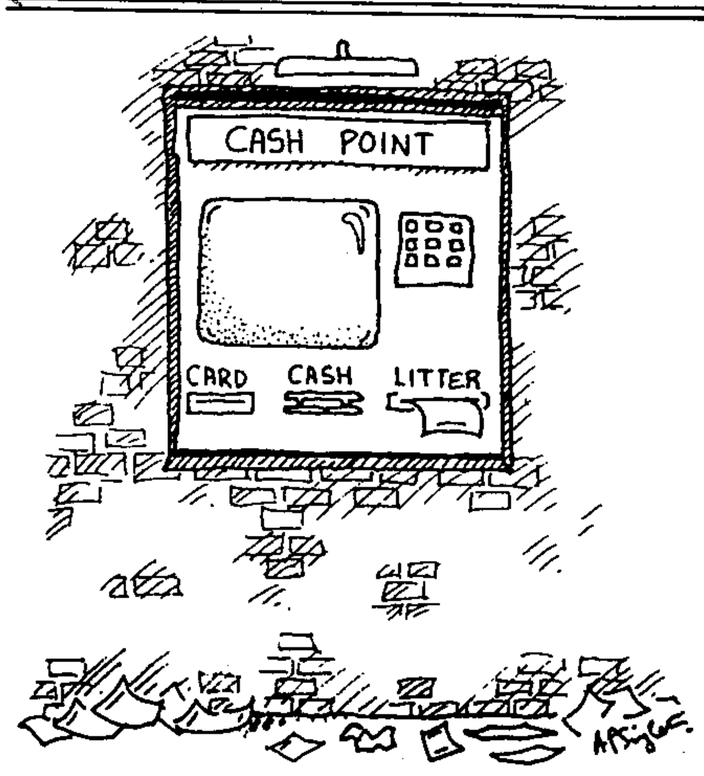
When he asked staff inside whether he could deposit money into his Woolwich account through them they thought his question very stupid until he showed them his letter from the Woolwich.

Undaunted he tried the Woolwich again and was — you guessed it — invited to wait a few moments. So he put the money into his Abbey account instead.

***HARROD'S**, the store for the unpleasantly rich, has announced a penny-pinching measure to cut its discount system for past and present members of staff "while remaining the market leaders in their provision of staff discounted shopping".*

The original 40 per cent discount for retired and supervisory staff was to be reduced to 20 per cent and the discount ceiling was to be set at an annual £800, the penny-pinching top people's shop said.

What outraged several former employees — pensioners particularly — was that the letter telling them of the change was posted at the end of June, while the discount ceiling became operative on 1 May. Purchases from that date would contribute towards the £800 limit and many had unwittingly used a larger percentage of their allowance than they meant to.



Sporting Life

ONE OR two impressionable souls seemed to imagine that the third Festival of British Racing at Ascot was to be an occasion of riotous conviviality and belt-loosening excess. The Ascot Authority had other ideas.

The top chaps of the Royal Heath were just about prepared to tolerate the likes of John McCririck and a few minor celebs entertaining the proles in the Silver Ring. Yet, as far as the Members Enclosure was concerned, the command was that upper lips — unlike other parts of the anatomy — should remain stiff at all times. Who better to enforce such a ruling than one of racing's premier stiffs, the Queen's Royal Ascot representative, Lieutenant Colonel Sir Piers Bengough (see *Eyes passim*).

Sir Piers was in his element and impressed his personality on events right from the Friday afternoon at the presentation ceremony after the old tossers' race between the BBC and Channel 4. All the participants were lined up on either side of him like squaddies on parade and even the normally irrepressible Bruffscot was reduced to a non-speaking role.

Sir Piers then held a microphone a few inches in front of his nose and addressed the crowd. Or to be precise he addressed a point roughly three feet above their heads. By Saturday, Bengough's expression and demeanour were such a perfect combination of the barmy and the severe that at least one race-goer thought he looked more like Captain Edmund Blackadder, circa the Western Front in 1917.

Sir Piers could take comfort that there were no unseemly displays of emotion in the unsaddling enclosure, but there were still one or two rotten apples: although it was meant to be a British festival, the whole thing was very much a benefit for foreigners.

Four of the winners were bred in America and owned by Arabs. Sir Piers could throw a distasteful glare in the direction of the blue two-tone suit with wide flared trousers and shiny blue slip on shoes worn by Sheikh Ahmed Al Maktoum, but he couldn't possibly throw him out. Many leading faces in the domestic racing industry could be seen filing in and out of the Maktoum's box on the left hand side of the paddock and doing obeisance all afternoon.

At least it was possible to make a scapegoat out of the BBC's TV coverage. When the plugs were pulled before the last event the howls of indignation could be heard from Ascot to Portman Square. The hapless Julian Wilson has deftly tried to defend himself by blaming the Controller of BBC1. It seems that if this illustrious personage hadn't deemed a five minute earlier finishing time for *Grandstand* in the new autumn schedules, everything would have been all right. Rumour has it that this self-same controller, one J. Powell, intends to make an unofficial visit to Ascot on 14 October. Is this so to spy discreetly on Wislon & Co? Watch this space.

'Major Bonkers'

campain

What gave her the nerve to send back the waiter?
Was it her underwear?

Be bold in Fever. A sultry range of lingerie. Try it on. With Charnos.

Lingerie advertisement

Contributor: D. Jones.

All dismal advertising gratefully received.

BT NEWS

FOLLOWING our item in *Eye* 723 about British Telecom engineers using customers' phones to make calls that are charged to the subscriber, news reaches us of a BT cock-up that could, in time of war or national disaster, have cost lives.

It comes to light in a memo from Lancashire County Council and concerns an exercise earlier this summer run by the United Kingdom Warning and Monitoring Organisation in which Lancashire's emergency planning department took part.

Emergency planning (aka civil defence) coordinates the county's response to nuclear attack or largescale local disaster. On June 18, officials gathered in the council's Westleigh bunker for Posthorn Part 1 — an exercise in plotting the simulated spread of radiation.

Poised for action, the Westleigh participants had not bargained for British Telecom's contribution to the day. As the memo says, the whole operation "could easily have turned out to be quite a disaster. This was due to no Message Switch traffic whatsoever being received for the first 5 or 6 hours of the exercise."

Roughly translated, vital print-outs that should have come down the phone line were not getting through. BT (motto: "It's you we answer to"), with its usual sense of urgency sent someone out to Westleigh to solve the problem: "–as it took him until 1400 hours to do that, it meant that the traffic we received at 1400 hours was the traffic we should have received at 0900 hours".

And the reason for the cock-up? "The problem was caused due to some BT engineer needing a line in the exchange and finding one with no traffic on it, presumed it was OK to pinch the line for his job."

The ingenious boffins set up their own message switch exercise so the day was saved. But for the sake of the people of Lancashire, let's hope the engineer in question is not on duty the day Gorby drops the bomb (*shurely shome mishtake? Ed.*)

● BT is good at some things of course — like increasing the salary of its chairman and giving garbled explanations as to by how much. To quote from a question and answer section in its annual report to shareholders:

Q: Why was the chairman's salary increased by £57,000 over the previous year?

A: The Chairman was promoted midway through the previous financial year and his salary in that year was therefore lower than it would have been if he had been chairman for the full year. Comparing his chairman's salary for 1987-88 with the salary for 1988-89, the annual increase was £22,000, an increase of 8.4 per cent.

Er, quite.

Cult Corner

THE BBC and the Department of Employment's London Regional Training Agency are among the latest people to swallow the sales patter of companies in the Programmes Group — repeatedly linked with the controversial Exegesis cult (see *Eyes passim ad nauseam*).

Aunty's educational and training department produces videos on telephone training and one, *Telephone Order*, made in 1987 and still available, centres on Programmes Ltd and shows its employees undergoing training.

As the commentary says: "It was set up as the public face of the Exegesis movement." One critic has described Exegesis as being somewhere between a religious movement and a brainwashing organisation — "It breaks the personality of the individual down and then gives him the confidence to believe he can do anything."

According to the video: "Every employee of Programmes has been through Exegesis and the company looks after their material and spiritual needs — arranging discounts on their smart clothing and organising exercise classes, parties and outings — a complete lifestyle both during and outside working hours."

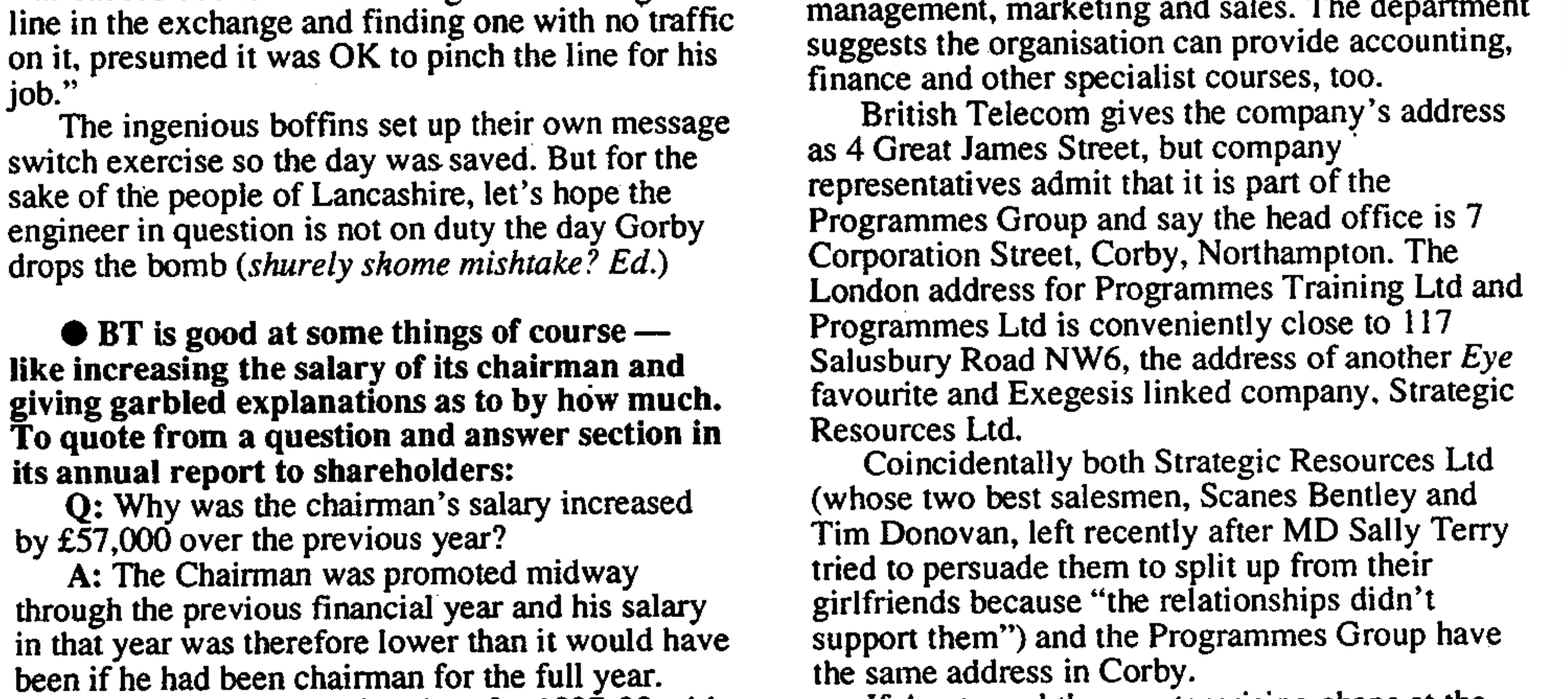
Programmes Ltd is listed by British Telecom at 121 Salusbury Road, London NW6 — the same address and telephone number as the Programmes Group. Could this in any way be connected with Programmes Training Ltd, presently being promoted by the London region of the Department of Employment's training agency?

The department's *Open Learning Map* of London, given out in glossy magazines in the capital, lists establishments that offer "open learning and flexible learning for business". Among 94 organisations, Programmes Training Ltd is at number 14 and its address is given as Queens Studios, 121 Salusbury Road. According to the map, the company offers courses in management, marketing and sales. The department suggests the organisation can provide accounting, finance and other specialist courses, too.

British Telecom gives the company's address as 4 Great James Street, but company representatives admit that it is part of the Programmes Group and say the head office is 7 Corporation Street, Corby, Northampton. The London address for Programmes Training Ltd and Programmes Ltd is conveniently close to 117 Salusbury Road NW6, the address of another *Eye* favourite and Exegesis linked company, Strategic Resources Ltd.

Coincidentally both Strategic Resources Ltd (whose two best salesmen, Scanes Bentley and Tim Donovan, left recently after MD Sally Terry tried to persuade them to split up from their girlfriends because "the relationships didn't support them") and the Programmes Group have the same address in Corby.

If Aunty and those enterprising chaps at the Department of Employment want to know more about with whom they are doing business, they have only to consult back copies of Cult Corner.



Letters

Bananaballs

Sir,

Here's a fiver for your fund. Why not take a leaf out of Sir Jammy Fishpaste and pay the woman in junk bonds? Surely not beyond the authors of your City page?

ANDREW W.T. GOLUB,
Stockport.

Sir,

In memory of "A Taxi Driver Writes", and to celebrate "Heir of Sorrows", I enclose a cheque for £10 for the "Bananaballs" fund.

Regards,
KEITH RANDALL,
Barrowford, Lancs.

Sir,

We don't know whether to feel more sorry for you because of Sonia or because of your total inability to number issues consecutively (722 is 722 but 722 is 723, whereas 723 is 724). Anyway, here's a tenner.

Yours,
ROSS JONES & MARY WEBB,
Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

Sir,

A dinar converted
Against justice perverted!

Yours verily,
CLIFF LANGFORD,
Bahrain, Middle East.

Sir,

The enclosed donation for Bananaballs is in gratitude for the years of pleasure afforded by your mighty organ.

Yours faithfully,
A CLUTCH OF COMMON(S) SECRETARIES,

Sir,

No smart-arse letter: just a tenner.

GARRETT CULLITY,
Brasenose College, Oxford.

Gang of Three

Sir,

Has anyone noticed, I wonder, the striking similarity between the cover of Eye 725 and the conditions in which Dr David Owen delivered his opening speech to the party faithful in Scarborough?

I think Inspector Knacker should be told.

Yours,
DALONI CARLISLE,
London SW14.

Sir,

With reference to the cover of Eye 725, does this mean:

1. You made the phone call, or
2. David Owen did so, or
3. The Almighty is now a correspondent, or
4. Auberon Waugh is returning?

Yours,
M. COAKLEY,
Hindhead, Surrey.

PS: How did you know in any event!

Sir,

Last week's cover, and the actual events in Scarborough were a little close for comfort. I wonder if any of your staff were overheard making "Irish" telephone calls to the conference centre last Wednesday morning. If so perhaps we should be told.

Yours sincerely,
JONATHAN MORGAN,
(Vice President SDP Youth & Students),
Ipswich.

PS: Following Party policy, I too will not be enclosing the usual fiver for your bananaballs appeal.

Man overboard

Sir,

Hapless Gofer Writes

What piffle drivels from your lips! "Ludicrous" you call it that I have written that the "Pergamon 23" were guilty of "self-victimisation" and the victims of "self-dismissal". How else would "Street of Shame" describe the act of marching straight over a clearly marked and loudly warned-against cliff edge? "Suicide" would, perhaps, have been shorter.

You scoff that I wrote to the International Federation of Journalists (IFJ) that the "23 are not journalists as the term would be understood by the IFJ, but more accurately described as clerical workers". You should know that I subsequently apologised to "clerical workers" for this remark, after the "23" published in their "Pergamon Strike Bulletin 4" the attached splendid [unprintable — Ed] photographic manifestation of their literacy.

Finally, I offer a challenge to you, to Mr Andrew Smith MP and to those others mentioned by you (the French CGT, Polish Journalists and Printers and Agence Centrale de Presse employees) to find one syllable of socialist, Marxist or Labour Movement literature from the earliest days which supports the fantastic proposition that a union whose membership amounts to three per cent of the staff concerned should be granted negotiating rights. No one, not Marx, not Engels, not Scargill, not Paul Foot, not Dave Spart has ever advanced such a doctrine. Only the "23".

Self-immolation for a flat earth is more pathetic than sublime.

Fraternally yours,
PETER JAY (aka Jaybotham),
Pergamon Press, Oxford.

Privates

Sir,

Lunchtime O'Cruise is very well informed. The Government will be privatising the forces before very long. The bible of the anarcho-capitalist Right, Murray Rothbard's "Towards a New Liberty" suggested this back in the 1970s. Many of the book's ideas have now gone from the lunatic fringe to acceptability or practice, so it is only a matter of time before the forces are sold off.

It's already happening in a small way, with security firms guarding military bases. No doubt, after their success at Deal, private firms will takeover other noncombatant roles:- the TNT Transport Corps, Trusthouse Forte Catering Corps, NatWest Pay corps etc.

Eventually, it is possible that only vital functions will be State controlled such as the nuclear weaponry and the guarding of Herself and Denis. All other functions will be taken over by dirt cheap Third World mercenaries. The Merchant Navy has been "flagged out" to tax havens — so why not the Royal Navy?

So, by the year 2000 we may see Ulster getting the inimitable Renamo treatment, and ex Nicaraguan contras outside Buck House, Balmoral and other properties of House of Windsor (Holdings) plc. What a thought to inspire the Tory party!

Please find enclosed £2 cheque for Bananaballs Fund.

Yours etc,
R.L. VICKERS,
Crewe, Cheshire.

Anagram

Sir,

THE SUNDAY CORRESPONDENT = PORTRAYS NO NUDE CHEST — END?

Yours,
D.J. MINOR,
Derby.

Hard to swallow

Sir,

Reference your Water News, page 26 Private Eye 15th September 1989.

Not you as well! We do not have the foulest water in Europe. We have one of the best water supplies in Europe and I, and many others concerned with the profession, are sick and tired of people jumping on the political bandwagon supporting the Greens and the Friends of the Earth by trying to make capital out of absolutely nothing. No, we are not being prosecuted because we haven't cleaned up our drinking water. If you had seen the EEC lawyer on British television, what he is doing is prosecuting Britain and Germany, and France, and Italy, for failing to pass a piece of legislation.

All British water from the taps is perfectly safe to drink. Some of it has slightly more nitrates that the EEC would like to see and it didn't have that before the farmers ripped out all their hedges and swamped their land with fertiliser. Yes, there is work to be done. Not surprising seeing as we led the world in a supply of safe water and in the provision of sewerage systems. I suppose you are suggesting that people should go and drink the water in Greece and swim in the Spanish swimming pools. You are wrong, and those engineers who have worked so hard over so many years to improve the standards of British public health, know it.

Yours faithfully,
C.W.M. McDOWELL,
(Past President, Institution of Public Health Engineers),
Master, Guild of Water Conservators, Banstead, Surrey.

Max factor

Sir,

Contrary to your story in the last Eye, at no time since I became Editor of the Daily Telegraph have I "threatened to resign". There is never more than one occasion on which to talk about resignation, and that is when one is going.

Yours faithfully,
MAX HASTINGS
(Editor),
Daily Telegraph, E14.

Blameless

Sir,

Bookerworm's allegation that as Chairman of the Booker judges in 1984 I "lambasted" a novel by James Kelman is untrue. I was Chairman in 1982, not 1984, and no novel by Kelman was entered that year.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN CAREY,
Merton College, Oxford.

■ *Apologies. It was of course Richard Cobb not John Carey. Ed.*

Bang to rights

Sir,

Please allow me to correct some errors in last week's "Police 5".

First there is no such weapon as a .45 magnum.

Second the killer Hughes was NEVER a member of Diggle rifle club. He visited an "Open Day".

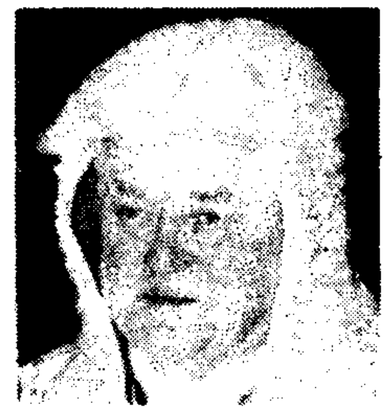
Third Police DO NOT instruct civilians on the Diggle rifle range.

Lastly Hughes was circulated suspected of the theft of the firearm — later arrested and dealt with. His premises searched for the gun with negative result.

Yours etc
ERIC ALEX ROBERTS
(Former D/S Gtr Manchester Police),
Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire.

Lookalike

Lord Hailsham



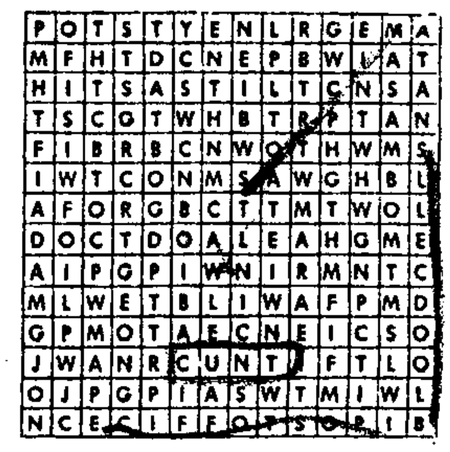
Mickey Rooney

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the astonishing resemblance between Lord Hailsham and Mickey Rooney, star of the new film "Erik the Viking". I wonder if by any chance they are related?

Yours faithfully,
ENA B. MAXWELL,
Headington Hall, Oxford.

Word blind


P O T S T Y E N L R G E M A
M F H T D C N E P B W L A T
H I T S A S T I L T C N S A
T S C G T W H B T R P T A N
F I B R B C N W O T H W M S
I W T C O N M S A W G H B L
A F O R G B C T T M T W O L
D O C T D O A L E A H G M E
A I P G P I W N I R M N T C
M L W E T B L I W A F P M D
G P M O T A E C N E I C S O
J W A N R C U N T F T L O
O J P G P I A S W T M I W L
N C E C I F E O T S O R I B

Sir,

I enclose a photocopy of a competition printed in the world famous Dundee Courier & Advertiser.

Amongst the word hidden in the puzzle are — well, the fun's in the hunting, but try starting for a four-letter word in the third-bottom line. Maybe you could hold your own competition.

Apparently the board of D.C. Thomson are still trying to pin the blame on whoever let this one slip past their moral screen.

Yours etc,
JOHN MACADAM,
Edinburgh.

I-SPY *Freeport, Bahamas*

Submitted by Steve Thomas. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Common law strife

Sir,

If only someone would stake you to a brief course in Common English Law it would save you a lot of money and a lot of duff stories. Re Grovel, 725: Frazer can't publish La Lockwood's letters for the obvious reason that they are her copyright and he would thus require her permission. Presumably the Viscountess' lawyers will have the sense to point that out to the bounder.

Yours,
KEITH MONEY,
Thetford, Norfolk.

Name dropper

Sir,

I send you a few quid for bananaballs and you don't even spell my name properly.

You've had your last penny off me unless you spell it correctly when you print this letter.

Yours sincerely,
D.J. ASHBRIDGE,
Lancaster.

Quotealike

Sir,

Has anybody else noticed the astonishing resemblance between Andrew Lloyd Webber, greatest living English composer, and Oscar Fingal O'Flaherty Wills Wilde, deceased Irish poet, dramatist and wit?

Webber, after listening to one of his favourite pieces of music on "The Tingle Factor" Radio 4 26 Sept: "I wish I'd written that".

From the Penguin Dictionary of Quotations – Wilde: "I wish I had said that".

J.A. McNeill Whistler: "You will, Oscar, you will".

Are they perhaps related?

Yours sincerely,
GRAHAM JONES,
Blandford, Dorset.

Shunt

Sir,

I must correct a dangerous presumption made by the "Sally Deedes" column in the last "Eye".

The "driving end of the train" is not now always the engine as driving van trailers (DVTs) have been introduced on some Birmingham trains. These DVTs can, and are, used to control the train whilst the engine, unmanned, propels at the rear.

If this letter's published, I'll donate another £25 to Bananaballs.

Yours pedantically,
S.C. WILLIAMS,
Wednesbury.

Sugar daddy

Sir,

You really are a money grabbing ungrateful bunch. I saved my pocket money for a week to send a contribution to your fund and then you only published my old man's name just because he signed the cheque. He took my money so you print my name!

Yours sincerely,
PAUL EARLAND,
Surbiton, Surrey.

Tubular balls

Sir,

I have heard that London Underground may raise the cost of fares to reduce the number of travellers as the system is sometimes overcrowded. I suggest that the muzak system at Tottenham Court Road station has been introduced for the same purpose.

Yours faithfully,
P.D. REGENT (MRS),
Hornchurch, Essex.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"I aim to prove that I'm the boxer some people say I am, and some people say I'm not."
GARY MASON, BBC Radio 2
(Neil Swimer)

"The game finely balanced with Celtic well on top..."
JOHN GREIG, Radio Scotland
(John McDougall)

"The score is Liverpool 0, Norwich 0, and it's only the absence of a goal that we're waiting for."
COMMENTATOR, BBC Radio 2
(Paul Cardin)

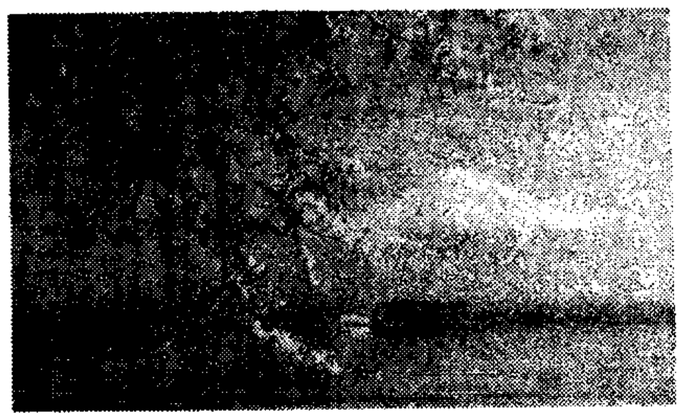
"He's the one rotten apple who turns out to be the good egg."
WILLIAM FEAVER, BBC Radio 3
(Clare Back)

"I'll decide when I write my obituary."
IAN BOTHAM, BBC Radio 4
(C Ryan)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from **Japan**



from Our Own Correspondent

A BOOK published this summer called *Keibatsu* (nepotism) is causing quite a stir here. Its basic theme — that our country is controlled by a tight oligarchy of top businessmen and politicians — comes as no surprise to most of us Japanese. It has been the extent of the concentration of power that for many has been a revelation.

Before the war the Japanese economy was controlled by ten powerful industrial combines, known as *zaibatsu*. Though officially disbanded by American occupiers after Japan's surrender, the *zaibatsu* have slowly been making a comeback.

Three of the originals — Mitsui, Mitsubishi and Sumitomo — have been joined by three post-war industrial combines: Fuyoh, Sanwa and Ichi-kan. So diversified are these groups (now renamed *shinko-zaibatsu*, "new"-*zaibatsu*) that they cover just about every field of industrial endeavour from banking and insurance to chemicals and computer-manufacturing.

Familiar names such as Toyota, Toshiba, Canon, Nissan and NEC are all part of one or other of the combines, which embrace a total of 188 Japanese companies and account for about 15 per cent of Japan's GNP.

According to Ikko Jin, the author of *Keibatsu*, these *zaibatsu* and their affiliates are controlled by a network of families who pass directorships on to sons and nephews and consolidate their hold on power by intermarrying with the families of government politicians (arranged marriages are still the done thing among the top families in Japan). This neatly serves to combine *zaibatsu* money with political power and has created an incestuous ruling class made up of a few dozen individuals who hold virtually unbreakable control over our country.

A television station recently did a survey of Diet members and found that the vast majority of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP), including more than two thirds of the cabinet, were second-generation politicians — in other words each took over his (never "her") constituency from a father or an uncle.

A chart was produced showing the interconnecting lines of blood and marriage that link the oligarchy. A number of post-war Japanese prime ministers were in the group, with the exception of the two most recent, Sosuke Uno and Toshiki Kaifu. When asked why these two names were absent, one political commentator said, enigmatically, "Well, some people became prime minister who weren't supposed to."

What he meant was that the succession to former prime minister Yasuhiro Nakasone had been decided on years in advance. The roll was supposed to read: Noboru Takeshita, Kiichi Miyazawa and Shintaro Abe. Unfortunately the Recruit scandal caught up with all three of them before this cosy arrangement could be played out.

Miyazawa, as the fall-guy for Takeshita's cabinet, resigned last year over the Recruit scandal. Abe, heavily implicated, kept a low profile but remains one of the top leaders of the party.

The question remains as to how Abe can be wangled into the prime minister's seat, which Kaifu is presently keeping warm for him, without a public outcry.

And in case you were wondering, Abe did the decent thing many years back by marrying the daughter of former prime minister Nobusuke Kishi.

BANANABALLS!

Their Lordships have reserved judgement for approximately 2-3 weeks. In the meantime, thanks very much again to all those who have given such generous support. The Bananaballs Fund now stands at a staggering £94,194.26.

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M. Calcutt
P. Logan
Plus numerous Anons & a few Illegibles.
To be continued

RAMADA
BLACKPOOL

Dear Bill,

I can't say I blame you for declining to visit me in this hell-hole. There are the usual Colditz-style security regulations in force and you can't even go to the Gents without having to prove your identity to a woman from the Gestapo. It's all completely out of hand. I don't know if you saw but the latest thing is that they are going to put up iron railings at the bottom of Downing Street to keep out the Provos. I said what about bona fide travellers trying to get in at night time after important board meetings at the club and wasn't it a bit much, at my time of life, to have to risk life and limb clambering over spiky railings in the middle of the night? Boris says we're all going to be issued with electronic passes which are supposed to open the gates. (Which reminds me, you probably heard that Maurice got stuck in one of those new-fangled barriers on the underground and they had to get the fire brigade to extract the old boy.)

There was the usual pre-conference flap on particularly since Tinker Bell having watched the Smellysocks' equivalent at Brighton decided that Pillock was finally getting his product across and was beginning to establish consumer credibility with the A-B's (ie, they'd all put on suits and ties to look like Smarmy Cecil). Anyway, the Boss is under pressure to come off with a cracker of a speech and knock Ginger Nuts for six, but with Sir Custardface still on the payroll, I can't see this happening (his latest [rejected] joke "Well, they may have got rid of Red Ken, but when are they going to get rid of Red Kin? [ie, Pillock]"). The old boy was sitting in my den puffing away at his cigarette holder and desperately leafing through the Nigel Rees Joke-Book for After Dinner Speeches when we heard a bit of a commotion downstairs with the Boss's voice raised in anger. I tiptoed down to find that matey from next door had breezed in to announce the jacking up of interest rates to 15%. "You yourself, Prime Minister, have stressed on many occasions" he was saying, "that we should not hesitate from unpopular measures, whatever the circumstances and whilst I appreciate that the Party conference is upon us..." "Fiddlesticks", cried the boss, switching on the Exterminate and Destroy Rays, "you have done this quite deliberately at this time in order to promote a crisis. I know who is behind this, you and your friend Howe. I knew I should never have given in to his demands." "Come, come" soothed our obese neighbour, lifting a podgy hand, "let us not give way to unseemly hysteria, Prime Minister, we must do everything, as you yourself have often so rightly stressed to keep inflation up – I mean down". This rather spoilt the effect of his little speech and the Boss launched a further dose of the deadly rays, threatening him with the usual routine, ie a stiff talking-to from Professor Walters followed by replacement by Smarmy C.

The long and the short of it was that they had to sit up all night re-drafting the Boss's speech in a more Churchillian vein including, I may say, most of Lawson's guff about never having shirked from unpopular measures in the interests of short-term political gain, etc, etc.

However, as I reminded her later, these interest rates are only bad news for the foolish virgins who have borrowed a lot of money from the building societies. Wise chaps like you and I will be laughing all the way to our deposit accounts. But we won't say this in the speech.

I need hardly say that since his visit to Rome the Boss has been sticking pins into the wax model of Runcie. Not content with farting round the Vatican curtseying to the Pope, he gave an interview to the Eyetie media accusing the Boss of being a Sadducee passing by on the other side. Quite obviously, he has failed to read, mark and inwardly digest the Gospel of St Margaret as preached by the Blessed Tebbit. Munster, you may remember, very sensibly pointed out some time back that the Good Samaritan was a fully paid up member of the Conservative Party with a healthy balance at the Nat West and was thus in a position to help the less fortunate. Now that Runcie's plan to hand over the C of E to the Pope has fallen flat, the Boss is going to suggest that he hands over control to her friend the Chief Rabbi, a fierce little bearded johnny who is very sound in all the important things like cracking down on the arsebandits. I said the Chief Rabbi's first task should be to boot out all the black sheep, Runcie, Durham & Co, and bring in some sound chaps in the Archie's well-beloved mould.

Smarmy Cecil has just glimmered in with his plans to nationalise British Rail. You'd think they'd got enough on their hands with the water balls-up, but apparently he's planning a big speech for this week with details of the carve-up. I know Maurice has written to him with an early bid for Network South East.

Must dash. Boss has organised outing of Rowdies to go and break up Tarzan's Fringe meeting in the Amusement Arcade.

Those about to die salute you.

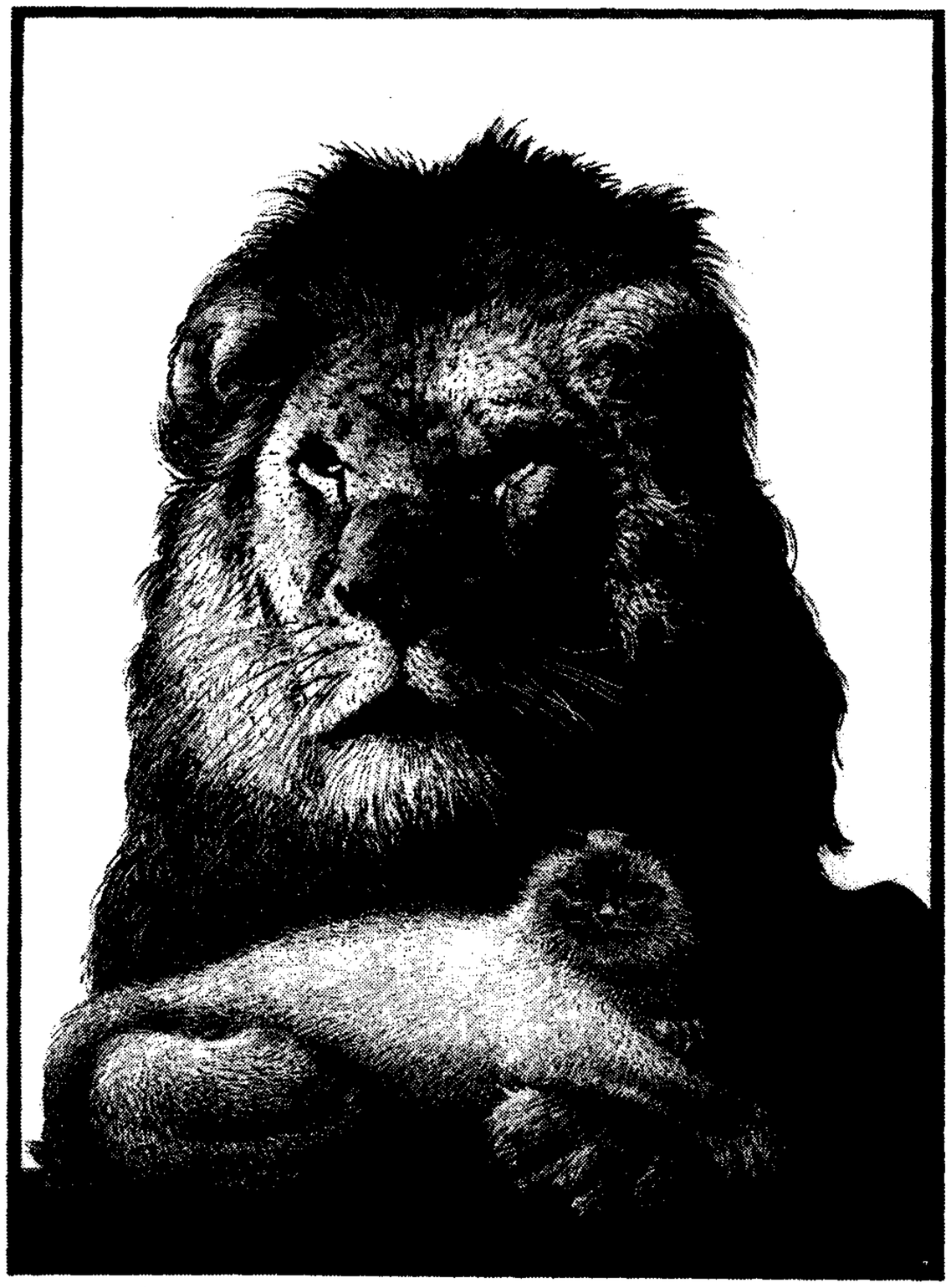
Denis

The new Bill book, **NO. TEN**, is now on sale — £2.95

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE'S

TRUE STORIES

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN



"I ADVERTISED myself in *Young Saturday* as 'Sex kitten in search of rampant lion'," said Mrs Ellie Robat of Sunford. "Among the many replies was one from my husband, Perry, who included a nude photograph of himself holding a ruler against his you-know-what. It was the first time I had seen him naked for years."

COLONEL W.T. Whisner, a retired two-war air ace, who shot down 24 enemy planes over Germany and Korea and won the Distinguished Service Cross three times, has died as the result of being stung by a gnat in his garden at Pineville, Louisiana.

"I WAS one of a group of 27 mourners who arrived to bury our relatives at the Kitwe Cemetery," said Mr Sudile Amo.

"At the gate we were told that nothing could be done because 15 gravediggers had been sacked the week before for habitual drunkenness, seven were away sick, and the remaining five were stranded at the bank, where they had gone to cash their cheques, because there was a shortage of money.

"However, when the Cemetery Supervisor heard that four of the burials involved relatives of council employees, he offered all present seven picks and seven shovels to get on with the job ourselves. Naturally, we set to, but we had to work fast as the cemetery closed at sunset. Most of us were too exhausted to return home."

THE police are looking for a man who snatched a pork pie from the hand of Mr Douglas Park as he was standing on the platform of a London bus. A spokesman described the thief as a white male of medium build wearing a white suit.

"He may be called John," the spokesman said, "as he was accompanied by a second man, also white and dressed in white, who shouted 'Let's go, John!' before they ran off."

MR John Asciak, a prisoner in Fremantle, Australia, has had his sentence increased by four days for assaulting Mr James Seater, a male nurse employed by the prison authorities.

"Mr Seater," said a prison service spokesman, "was giving Mr Asciak exercises for his back when the patient reached out, felt for Mr Seater's testicles through his trousers, and gave them a friendly squeeze, saying 'That's a fine pair you've got, jockey.' "

Subsequently, Mr Asciak wrote Mr Seater, who is now retired, a letter of apology.

WHILE acting as a cheerleader for her boyfriend's football team during a "friendly" at Guyaco, Peru, Miss Angelina Perez (12), who was dressed in a miniskirt and pom-pom outfit, gave birth to a 7lb boy while more than 3,000 spectators cheered her on.

"It must have been the jumping up and down that brought it on," said the boy's father, Paulo Cruz, a 14-year-old back. "We are going to get married as soon as we are out of school."

A spectator, Mr Jesus Galapo, said: "Until Angelina gave birth there was nothing to cheer about. Her future husband's team were losing seven-nil. After the birth they lost 11-nil."

INFORMATION: Glasgow Evening Times 18.8.89; Herald Tribune 27.7.89; Zambia Daily Mail 2.8.89; Eltham Herald 16.8.89; Western Australian 16.8.89; Wednesday Sport 9.8.89.

MONITORS: Ruth Forbes, Derrick Grove, Anon, Davia Belinfante, G.H. Wrightam, Catherine Browne.

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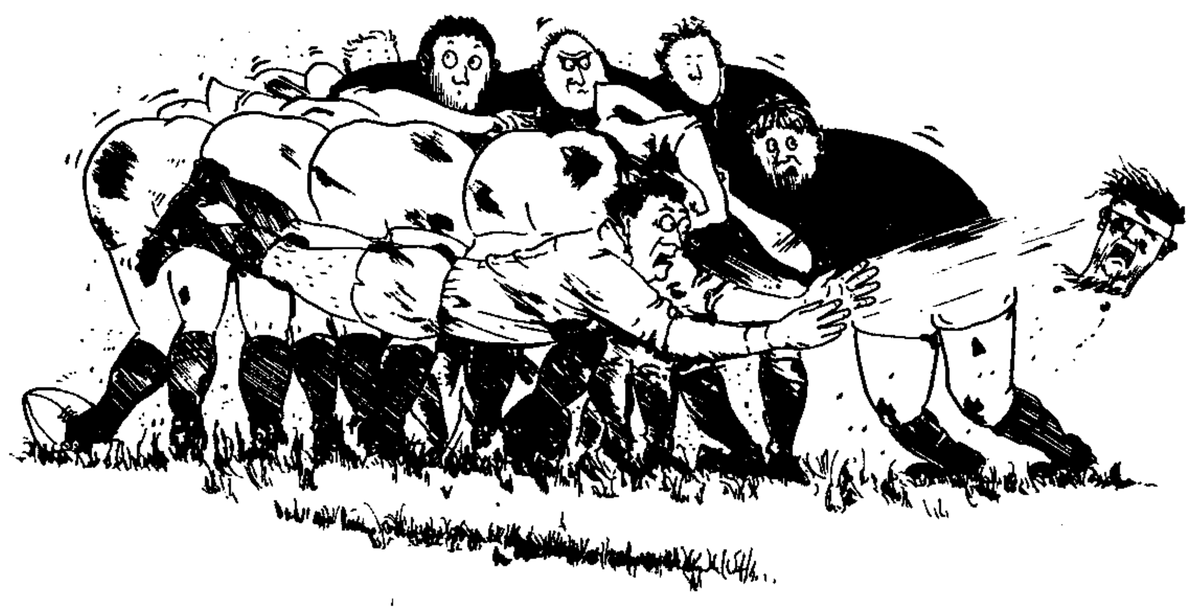


Berkin.

That Kinnock Speech in full

KINNOCK: On my way to the conference hall this afternoon *(begins to giggle)* I was thinking that Maggie Thatcher *(corpses)* was rather like an Eskimo sitting in an igloo with a team of huskies *(audience begins to snigger)*. That's huskies, mind, not Russkies — although she's certainly got pretty fond of them all of a sudden. That's Maggie, right, with the Russians *(chokes on own joke)*. Anyway, this Eskimo, right, you'll like this bit, it's really great, Roy loved it, he nearly wet himself, or rather me because he was spitting all over the place, like he does on *Spitting Image*, or rather he doesn't, but the puppets do ... and talking about puppets, what about Mrs Thatcher's Cabinet, they're not so much puppets as dummies *(doubles up and almost falls off stage with hysteria)*... anyway, here was this husky, which reminds me, I'm getting a bit husky myself, I think I'll have one of these Fishermen's Friends, which is more than Maggie's been, I mean a friend to the fishermen, in real terms their income has gone down by over 11 per cent in real terms, there's something pretty fishy about that, eh Maggie? *(Gets hiccups)* But seriously, back to the Eskimo, with the huskies, right, not the Russkies — I thought I'd recycle that one just to show how green we are, and talking of green, what about this Chris Patten? A bit like the same old pattern, if you ask me, the same old Tory pattern of death, decay, destruction and dehumanification that personifies the spirit of Thatcher's Britain. What was it the great poet Shelley said, and I think it could well be our inspiration for the Labour Government of the 90s, and make no mistake, we will be... not just the government of the 90s, but the custodians of the centuries to come *(audience applaud in hope of hearing punch line of joke about eskimo and huskies)*. I think it was in the poem *Ode To A Wild Welsh Windbag* that Shelley said:

"The ways of the world are passing strange
Meet the challenge, make the change
And generations not yet born
Will live to see the Labour dawn."

And no make no mistake, dawn it will be, if only we work together, unified and at one, in a totally unified way, to bring about whatever it is.

CHAIRMAN: Will you please get off Mr Kinnock. It's time for Arthur Scargill to lose us the next election.

On other pages of the Daily Mail

Why Labour's 28 per cent Lead Means Disaster For Labour writes Paul Johnson p.6

Kinnock's Secret Plan To Seize Your Home p.8

Gould Slams Kinnock Speech as "Brilliant" p.10

Unfunny cartoon by Ged . p.12

Knacker lashes media for Neasden tip-off

by Our Crime Staff
Z. Cars

Inspector "Knacker of the Yard" Knacker today held a press conference from which all media were barred after their "irresponsible behaviour" following the abortive police raid on the notorious King George V Memorial Estate in the largely Afro-Caribbean Tesco Road area of Neasden.

Said a furious Knacker: "Despite my ringing up all the TV companies and papers to warn them of my dawn swoop, they all turned up and wrecked the operation.

"On my arrival at the estate with a token force of 3,000 mounted police, we were met by a delegation of Mrs Dollis Hill's Neighbourhood Watch scheme bearing placards reading KNACKER OUT. PIGS GO HOME. RING 01-819 8111 FOR TONIGHT'S ACID HOUSE PARTY.

"Despite this, however," he continued, "my men made a number of arrests and seized a drugs hoard of Junior Aspirins with a street value of 7p."

IN THE COURTS

Before Mr Justice Cocklecassock

600,000 red-bearded Cossacks filed into the High Court yesterday at the start of what has been billed as the "libel trial of the century".

In the dock is the upright figure of the legendary historian and novelist Count Tolstoy, who stands accused of writing an inflammatory pamphlet accusing the late Adolf Hitler of "war crimes".

Also involved in the case are the late Lord Stockton, Jack the Ripper and the ever-popular Mr Jeffrey Archer.

COCKLECASSOCK: Let us start with five minutes of attunement while we count our fees. Do I have any advice on how long this trial is likely to last?

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE *(counsel for Mr Robert Maxwell):* My Lord, we are hoping to string this one out for about three years. Is that convenient for all the parties?

SIR TITO GABOR QC *(counsel for the late King Zog of Albania):* Are we talking about cheques?

MR JUSTICE COCKLECASSOCK: No, it seems we are talking about Yugoslavs!

(Court erupts in huge gales of sycophantic laughter.)

MR JUSTICE COCKLECASSOCK: Or perhaps I should have said "Poles", referring of course to the so-called "Community Charge"!

(Court is cleared for several hours as barristers receive first-aid for injuries sustained by their hysterical laughter at this prime example of judicial wit)

MR JUSTICE COCKLECASSOCK: I would remind the Court that it is lunchtime. Perhaps we could get round to starting the case tomorrow afternoon?

(The Court then adjourned for 24 hours. On the resumption the following day, Lord Sun Alliance of Allalongtimeago, formerly Brigadier Toby Jugg, was called to the witness box)

SIR EPHRAIM: Would you like to talk for three hours about your distinguished war record and show us some slides?

LORD SUN: Indeed I would. It was the summer of '41 when things were at the blackest...

JUSTICE COCKLECASSOCK: As one of our most eminent war heroes and former leader of the Tory party, please feel free to sit down and speak inaudibly.

LORD SUN: Thank you my lord...
(Three hours later) ...My childhood was a happy one before the war clouds loomed.

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE: I put it to you, Mr Waldheim, that you are mistaken about certain events in the past.

LORD SUN *(to Judge):* My Lord, I am not accustomed to being accused of telling lies by some jumped up Johnny in a wig.

COCKLECASSOCK: I fully understand your distress, My Lord. Just think of Sir Ephraim as a soldier doing his duty.

LORD SUN: Shoot him!

COCKLECASSOCK: Would that it were within the prerogative of this court to execute people in the manner to which you are no doubt accustomed.

SIR RAMPTON BATMAN *(for Count Nikolai Tallstory):* My Lord, I would like to call the following: The Grand Duke Ferdinand of Marcos, the late General Von Straubenzee, leader of the Imperial War Dragons, Dr Christopher Barkworth and of course Joanna Lumley.

COCKLECASSOCK: Who is Joanna Lumley?

(Laughter)

COCKLECASSOCK: This is not a variety show. We are discussing a serious issue of grave importance. That is to say whether or no Mr Robert Maxwell, the distinguished war hero and philanthropist was responsible for handing over thousands of East German refugees to be tortured by Herr Honeker's secret police.

(The case continues)

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: It is the first night of the brilliant new film HENRY V.

Now read on...

"ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more..." The giant face of the young actor who had taken Britain by storm, Sir Kenneth Branarg, filled the screen and with a ragged cheer the yeomen of England trudged onward through the blood and mud.

Charles felt a thrill as the music of Morrison Halcrow swelled to a crescendo. It was wonderful how this young man had captured the essence of Monarchy.

At his side Diana fumbled noisily with a box of Cadbury's Black Sections looking for the strawberry whirl, but Charles suppressed his irritation. These were magic moments he was seeing on the silver screen that linked him in a sort of historical thread thingie with his ancestors. How had his friend and mentor Sir Laurens Van der Post, put it in his book *The Carpet-Weavers of the Yukaton*?

"The chief of his tribe remembers his ancestors. And his ancestors remember him."

Of the many wonderful sayings of Sir Laurens, this was perhaps the very truest of all...

Diana took half of a ginger and walnut ripple from her mouth and flicked it absently over the edge of the Royal Box into the darkness.

"Urgh! These chocs are really naff. Not even Fergie would eat these..."

"Shhh!" came an anonymous admonition from the stalls.

On the screen the trumpets blared and the English archers unleashed their rain of arrows.

It seemed so familiar. Perhaps there was something in this tribal memory whatsit? All the same, this film was terrifically good. He was delighted he had been able to help young Branarg so much with his advice to him about how it felt to be royal. Charles felt warm, comfortable, almost sleepy somehow...

NOW Charles seemed to be wondering through a muddy wasteland wearing chainmail. He turned to find a tattered band of followers faithfully stepping in his footsteps. There was Dr Barkworth who had grown a beard and was holding a sword. His bespectacled features shone with the glint of battle. And there was the ancient figure of Don Lorenzo di Posti on his trusty steed. And the faithful knight, Sir Alan Fitztightly holding a shield with the motto NIL CARBUNCULUS MONSTRUM.

"Gentlemen," cried King Charles, waving his sword towards the distant serried ranks of tower blocks and shopping malls. "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers... It really is appalling the way these architects go on. But we shall fight them on the beaches and those who were present on St. Quinlan's Day..."

There was a full-throated cheer from the little band and they charged forward towards the National Theatre which miraculously collapsed. In the smoke of the ruins Monsieur Maxwell Hutchinson, leader of the enemy architects, dressed in the costume of the Dauphin except for a wing collar and a bow-tie, emerged holding a white flag with which he prodded Charles in the chest...

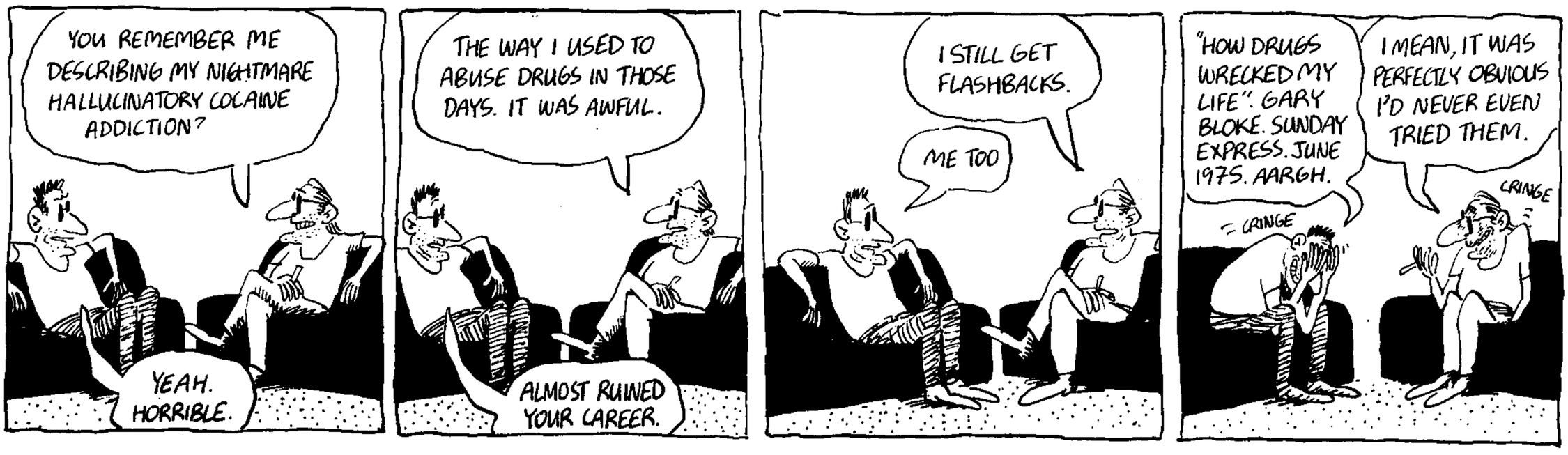
"Wake up, Bonehead. It's all over." Diana's elbow rammed Charles a second time as he jerked awake to find the cinema emptying around him.

"Gosh, I enjoyed that. That bit with the architects was brilliant. I thought the interpretation was very modern indeed..."

Diana shook her head in disbelief.

"Come on Charles. Kenny's set up a drinks do at Sessions Wine Bar. Apparently, Emmy's going to be there. Did you see their Wedding in *Hello*? Brill!! Lucky old Emma..."

(To be continued)


YOU REMEMBER ME DESCRIBING MY NIGHTMARE HALLUCINATORY COCAINE ADDICTION?
YEAH. HORRIBLE.
THE WAY I USED TO ABUSE DRUGS IN THOSE DAYS. IT WAS AWFUL.
ALMOST RUINED YOUR CAREER.
I STILL GET FLASHBACKS.
ME TOO
"HOW DRUGS WRECKED MY LIFE". GARY BLOKE. SUNDAY EXPRESS. JUNE 1975. AARGH.
CRINGE
I MEAN, IT WAS PERFECTLY OBVIOUS I'D NEVER EVEN TRIED THEM.
CRINGE

The new Heir of Sorrows book — **THE PEOPLE'S PRINCE** — is now on sale at £2.50

In The Saleroom

Waugh letters fetch record price

by Our Saleroom Correspondent
Sarah-Jane Checkbook

A cache of over 5,000 personal letters sent by the novelist and critic Mr Auberon Waugh to a leading society beauty of the 1980s, Lady Pamella Bordes, today fetched a record low price of 12p in a London saleroom.

The letters, which could entirely change our view of one of the greatest literary figures of his generation, are of a "personal, indeed passionate" nature, according to the catalogue.

It is apparent from the letters that Waugh was deeply in love, with himself.

But he became increasingly obsessed with Lady Pamella's sultry good looks after portraits of her had appeared in a small-circulation specialist publication of the time, the *Literary Review (surely "Mayfair"? Ed).*

Auberon Whore

One letter, which sums up the fatal attraction that Waugh experienced for the beautiful society hostess, whom he never actually met, today makes touching reading:

Dear Poo-Poo,

How I long to meet you. I am the editor of a very important magazine (more important even than the Sunday Times or the Observer!). I was wondering whether I could seduce you into contributing to my pages? I have a new volume of Wittgenstein's Vienna Years by Prof. Porous B. Studebaker which might amuse you. I would want 750 words by next Tuesday, and can only offer you £5, which I appreciate may be somewhat less than your going rate!

Your very obedient and devoted slave,

Woo-Woo.

Miss Bordes's reply was pithy and to the point, as befitted the most desired woman in England:

Dear Mr Waugh,
Get stuffed.

Yours faithfully,
Lady Pamella Bordes.

Advertisement

OTHER SUPERMARKETS ARE GREEN WITH ENVY!

Gnomeway Superstores are proud to announce their new range of environmentally friendly consumer products.

Green Super Kings

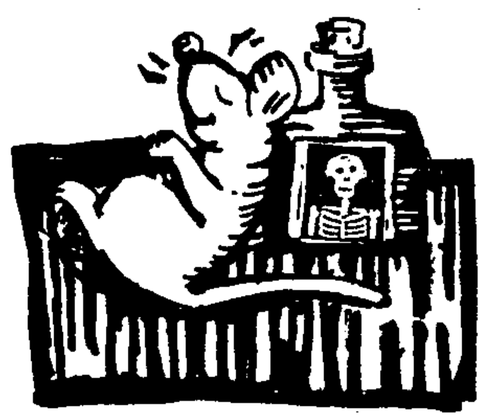
Genuine organic tobacco with no additives or preservatives. Recycled rice paper and asbestos-free filters.

Packet of 20 £10

Green Forest Gateau

Made from 100 per cent polyunsaturated cream and low salt 'n' glucose mix aerated glacé cherries. Only 2,000 calories per slice.

£378 Freezer Pack (1)



Green Death Rat Poison

Totally harmless animal-friendly vermin exterminant. Contains reduced levels of nuclear waste and stone-ground Betathene Myoxidil.

£36 — 10 pellets

Green Up!

Party pack of six biodegradable all-plastic containers of sparkling diet drink. Made from CFC-free lemon flavour. No additives, artificial colouring or algae. Contains only pure Jojoba extract refined by natives of developing countries who have signed the International Ozone Treaty (1986) and who have less than two children.

£12,000 per bottle

Green Grass

Special introductory seed pack guarantees 100 per cent "green" grass every time. Sew May-June and up comes your own "grass-compatible" lawn.

£7,000* per packet

*10% of unit price sent to Gnome Saharan Rainforest Project.

Green Glen

90 proof Scotch whisky made with whole wheat barley and EEC regulation water. Bottles have not been tested on animals. Removable labels made from phosphate-free paper.

£109 per half-litre

Save 3,000,000 bottle tops and win a gallon of sugar-free petrol — obtainable *only* at Gnomeways.

GNOMEWAYS

IT COSTS THE EARTH

Now, Exclusive to Private Eye

The Diary of a Private Foreign Secretary (aged 30¼)

Tuesday 29 September

TODAY I went in an aeroplane to a place called America. They gave us sweets on the aeroplane, and there was a film. It was called *Indiana Jones*. I liked it.

Then we landed at a big airport called New York. We went in a car to the hotel. There are very tall buildings here called skyscrapers. I sent a postcard to Mrs Thatcher. It was of the Empire State Building which is one of the tallest buildings in the world. All the taxis here are yellow and there are lots of Chinese people like in Hong Kong.

Wednesday 30 September

In the morning we went to a very big building next to the river. It is called the United Nations. There are lots of foreigners here from nearly every country in the world. I met some of them. There was a Russian gentleman called Mr Sheverdnasty or something like that. He was very kind to me although I think he thought I came from Canada. I tried to explain that I was English, but he had already moved on to talk to someone else.

I was looking round for someone else to talk to and then a very nice American came up to me and said he was called Mr Bush. He asked to say "hi" to Mrs Thatcher and Sir Geoffrey Howe. I wondered how he knew them.

Then it was my turn to make a speech. I went into this room full of hundreds of people and I was quite nervous because I didn't really know what to talk about. But then another nice American called Mr Baker gave me a whole pile of paper with a speech written on it in big letters. What a relief!

When they called my name, I went up to this special desk and read out the speech. It was very interesting. It was about somewhere called Colombia. It said that the British Government was completely supporting the Americans, and would declare war on Colombia whenever Mr Bush asked us to.

Afterwards I was told Mr Bush was President of the United States. I should have got his autograph!

I sent another postcard to Mrs Thatcher telling her that we were at war with Colombia. I hope she doesn't mind. I have a terrible feeling I didn't put enough stamps on.

Thursday 31 September

When I came downstairs for breakfast I found a whole lot of Chinese people waiting in the lobby, carrying placards saying MAJOR GO HOME AND TAKE US WITH YOU. They told me they came from a place called Hong Kong, which belongs to China but is actually British, even though it is miles away. They seemed to be very worried about something, but I couldn't work out what it was.

Then it was time to go home. I looked forward to being on the aeroplane and seeing another film. It was called *The Return Of The Jedi*. Unfortunately, I fell asleep so I missed the ending.

When I got back home I rang up Mrs Thatcher and told her what an exciting time I'd had on my holiday. She was very pleased, and said that she'd hardly noticed that I'd been away.

Great Bores Of Today.

"...apparently there's a number which you have to call and then they give you another number and it's usually in a field somewhere near the M25 and all the kids drive out there in the middle of the night and they have all these bouncers with baseball bats it's fantastically well organised they make an absolute fortune the noise is incredible and there are these drugs available LSD Agony Ecstasy MTVA and all the crack derivatives that have come in from Miami the kids are from all sort of social groupings and they just dance on and on and drink Lucozade for some reason the police keep trying to break them up but they're always several jumps ahead of them I mean what if a fire broke out? there are no proper exits or medical staff I've got nothing against young people having a good time but when it's drugs it's different I mean I don't know anything about it myself..."

Pearly Gates to be erected in Downing Street

by our Architectural Staff
Jeffrey Archangel

A shock plan to erect a set of heaven-style "Pearly Gates" at the end of Downing Street has been approved by the Supreme Being, Her Holiness Queen Thatch.

The gates, the work of architect St Michelangelo, are to be constructed out of imitation chalcedony, amethyst and sapphires, encrusted with emeralds, rubies and pearls spelling out the slogan VOTE CONSERVATIVE.

Abandon Cars All Ye Who Enter Here

When the gates are erected, all would-be entrants to Number 10 Downing Street will be given "positive vetting" by security guards who will ask "Are you one of us?"

Anyone who fails to give the correct answer, ie "yes", will be cast out into eternal darkness where, according to a spokesman, "there will be much wailing and gnashing of teeth".

The first person to praise the new gates last night was the Prince of Wales, who said: "They will make a really heavenly contribution to the urban townscape. In fact, they remind me of my parents' house near Victoria Station."

But among those who criticised the plan was Mr Richard Rogers, whose *South Pacific* was recently revived at the National Theatre.

"Once again, this is a typically reactionary slap in the face for the British architectural profession which includes the finest modern architects in the world today, namely James Stirling, Norman Foster and myself."

Salman Runcie goes into hiding

by Our Church of England Staff
E.Q. Menical

The controversial Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Salman Runcie, 81, was reported to be "under police protection" last night, following the "sentence of death" pronounced on him by the Magatollah.

The death-threat came in response to Runcie's recent attack on the Magatollah, when he described her as "self-righteous" and "an intolerant old bat, who ought to be strung up".

Anyone familiar with the British way of life would know that such sentiments were bound to be regarded as the supreme blasphemy, striking at the very heart of the religion of fundamentalist Thatcherism.

Runcible-Spoof

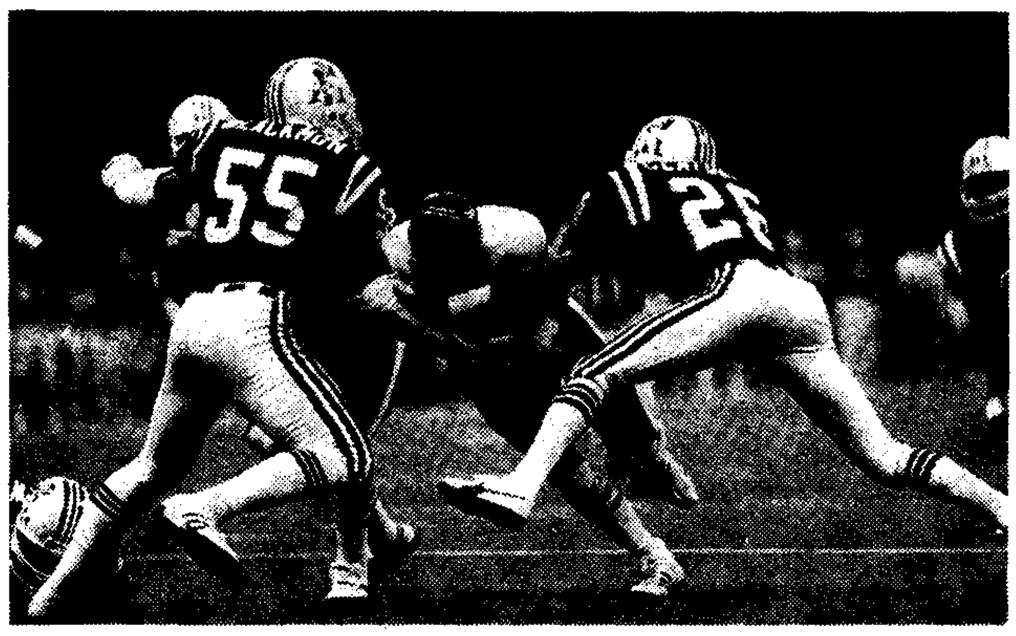
A prominent Thatcherite cleric, Mr Kenneth Baker, said: "These remarks show a blatant and heartless disregard for the feelings of millions of ordinary devout Tharcherites."

"To most English people," Mr Baker went on, "the Magatollah is a divine figure and the supreme embodiment of all that they hold most sacred.

"The blasphemer Runcie must be eradicated from the earth by a death arrow of hate striking to his heart."

Mr John Selwyn Gummer is 23.

OLD GRIDIRON



Your American Football questions answered by Old Gridiron

Dear Old Grid:

With the new season only just under way, I believe I am the first to spot a new record for a 46-yard defensive no-toes super-long dipper, scored by the Miami Cokepackers' star central line-snorter, Milton "Death Row" Schwarzenburger. All those who watched the classic "First of the Bowl" Eastern Division Play-Offs on Channel 4 will have seen Milton's achievement, but surely few will have realised that Milt has now busted the record set by the legendary Californian Eskimos' offensive quarter-pounder, Carlos "The Kneecapper" O'Flaherty, who in 1936 took a half-square warbler ten out of two in his own seventy-four, made up an anchorage of three point five yards out of the front box, and left his opposite number at least two plays behind with only three minutes of the eighth quarter left on the clock!

The question is — was the Eskimos' blue-shirted kicker Sam "Smiler" Knopfler, or was it Alfonso "Alfonso" Studebaker?

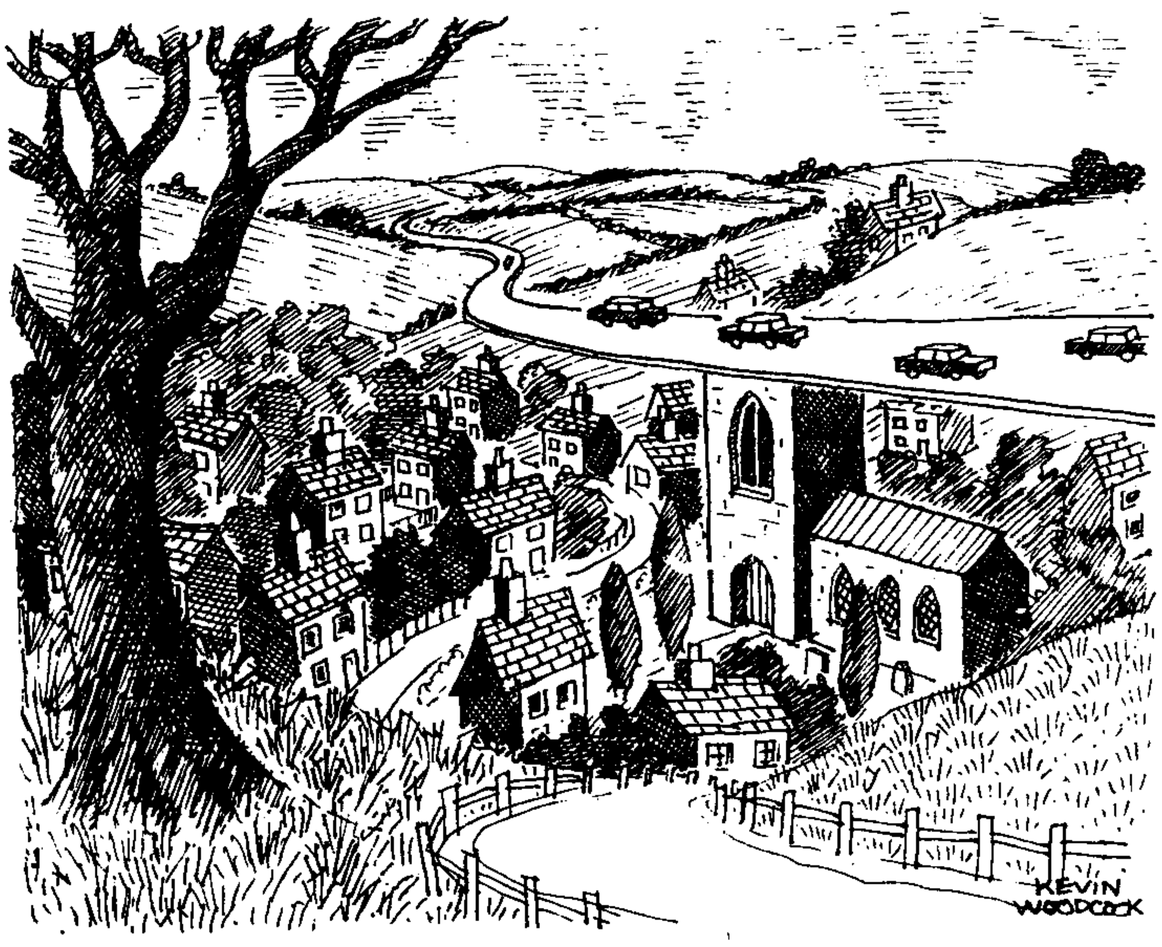
My son Darren has put his pocket money on the latter. I'm backing the old King of the Scoobies himself. What do you think?

Raymond Kagool,
Basildon.

O.G. writes:

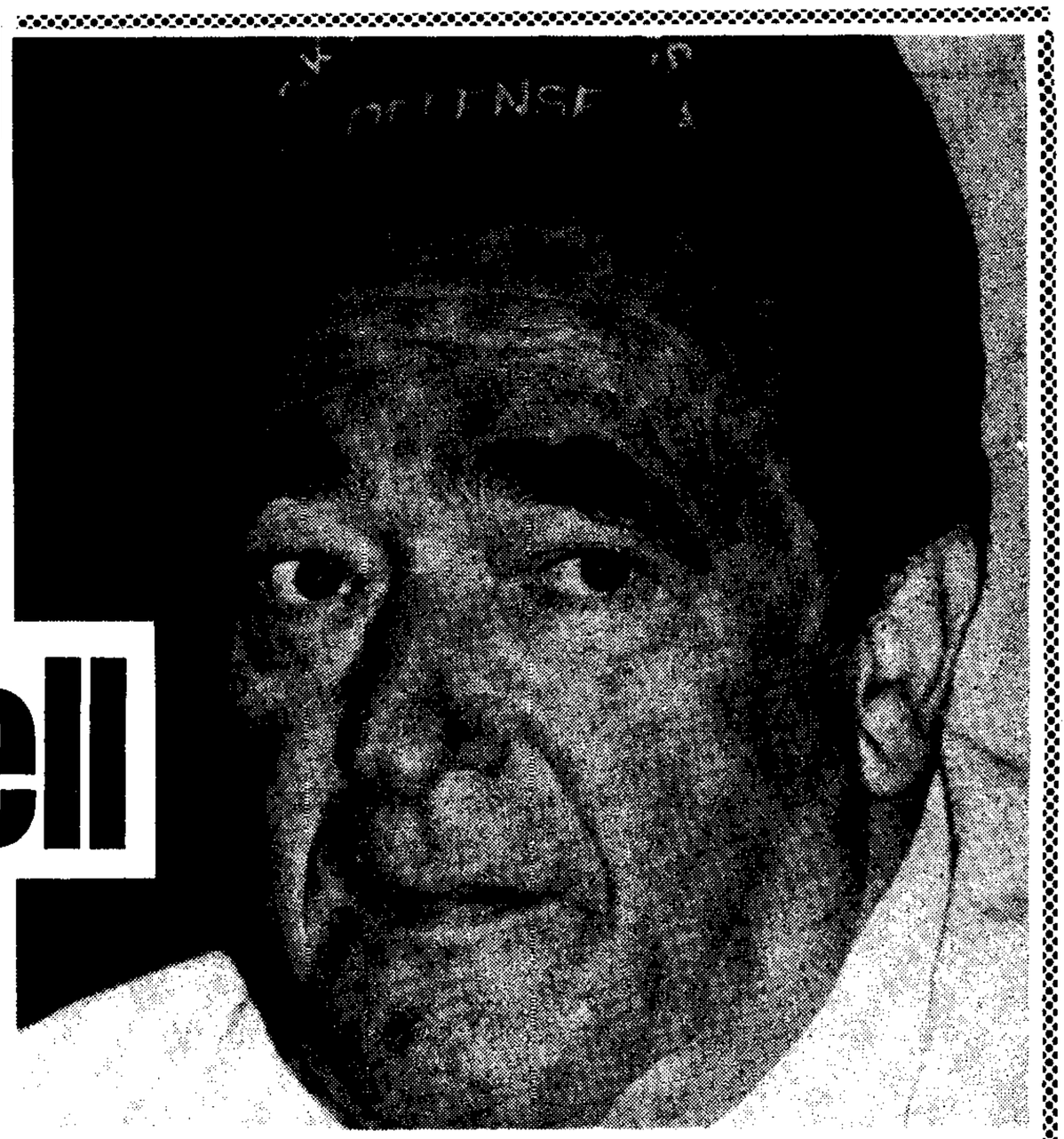
Sorry, pardners, but you're both kickin' a high ball into a dead racoon's dormitory! 'Scuse me guys whilst Ol' Grid pours himself another six fingers of Tennessee Tumbleweed Bourbon... Ha... Yessiree, this stuff sure tastes better than a skillet full o' grits on a cold Dixie mornin' in Massachusetts... What was it you were asking? Oh yeah... like I say, you're both wrong. If my old memory serves me right, the name we is a-lookin' for in the Pigskin Hall of Fame is Mr Lamplighter himself, Rabbi Samuel Cohen (Shurely shome mishtake? Ed)

NEXT WEEK: "Old Zimmer Frame" answers questions on Britain's most popular new sport, Crown Bowls.



MIRROR EXCLUSIVE

Honecker interviews Robert Maxwell



YESTERDAY I was privileged to be the only East European leader to be granted an exclusive interview with the most hated man in Britain, Robert Maxwell.

In the past few weeks the world had heard reports that Maxwell is deeply sick, as he presides over a fast-crumbling empire.

The world has been shocked by the spectacle of hundreds of journalists and printers desperately fleeing from the horrors of Maxwell's despotic regime.

This week I met Maxwell at the luxury penthouse from which he controls his allegedly tottering empire, and I can report that, contrary to all the malicious rumours, Maxwell is fit, cheerful and as grossly overweight as ever.

Several times during our interview he broke off to plunge a spoon into a huge vat of Soviet caviar, which was brought in by his uniformed servant Sir Peter Jaybotham.

First I asked Maxwell why so many people in the West describe his regime as "the last bastion of Stalinism".

"These claims are only malicious inventions by my capitalist enemies," he beamed. "My employees enjoy complete freedom to write whatever I tell them.

"They enjoy full employment until I sack them, and many of them enjoy a very high standard of living considering how badly paid they are."

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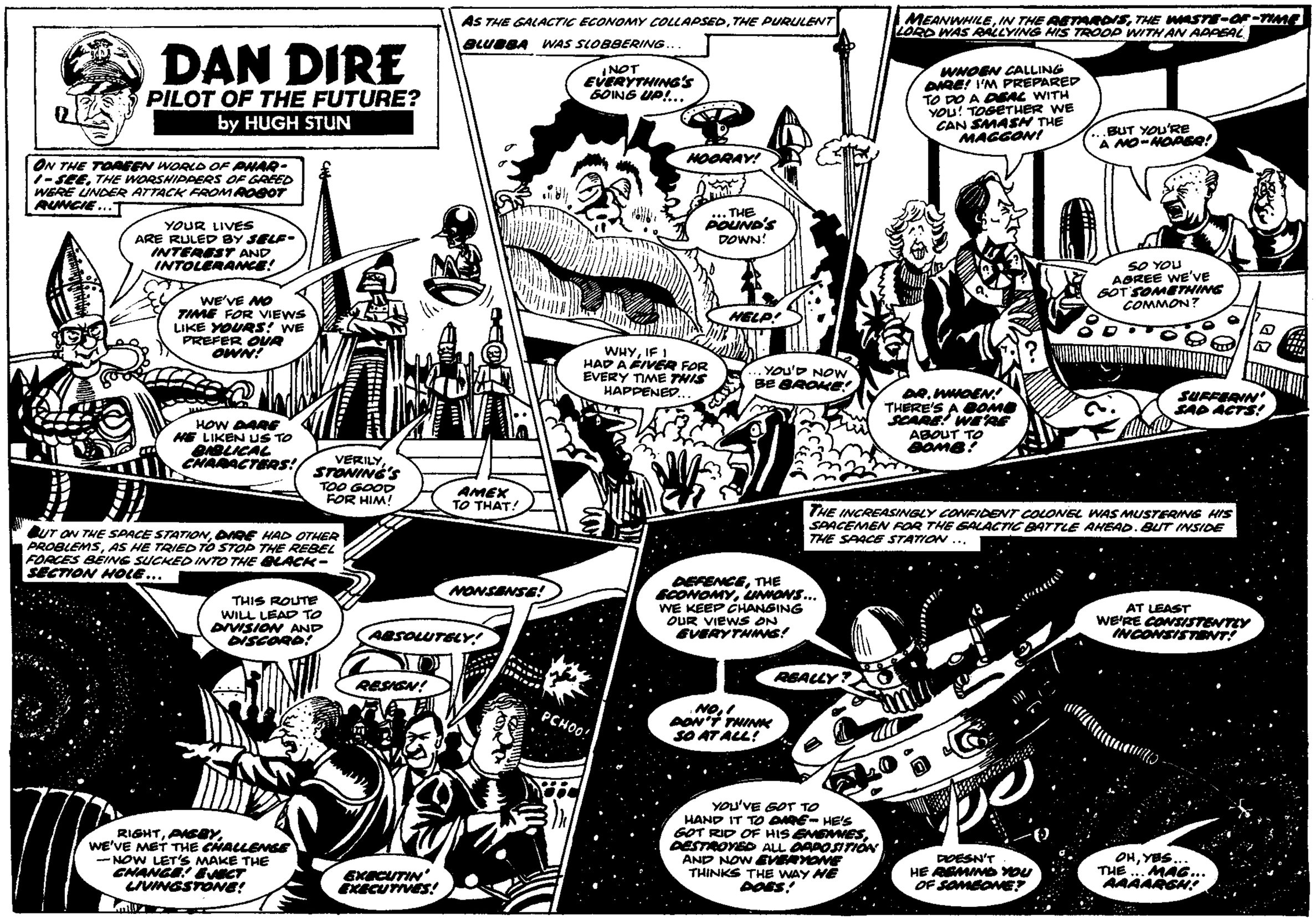

DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
ON THE TOREEN WORLD OF PHAR-I-SEE, THE WORSHIPPERS OF GREED WERE UNDER ATTACK FROM ROBOT RUNCIE...
YOUR LIVES ARE RULED BY SELF-INTEREST AND INTOLERANCE!
WE'VE NO TIME FOR VIEWS LIKE YOURS! WE PREFER OUR OWN!
HOW DARE HE LIKEN US TO BIBLICAL CHARACTERS!
VERILY, STONING'S TOO GOOD FOR HIM!
AMEX TO THAT!
BUT ON THE SPACE STATION, DIRE HAD OTHER PROBLEMS, AS HE TRIED TO STOP THE REBEL FORCES BEING SUCKED INTO THE BLACK-SECTION HOLE...
THIS ROUTE WILL LEAD TO DIVISION AND DISCORD!
NONSENSE!
ABSOLUTELY!
RESIGN!
PCHOO!
RIGHT, PIGGY, WE'VE MET THE CHALLENGE — NOW LET'S MAKE THE CHANGE! EJECT LIVINGSTONE!
EXECUTIN' EXECUTIVES!
AS THE GALACTIC ECONOMY COLLAPSED, THE PURULENT BLUBBA WAS SLOBBERING...
NOT EVERYTHING'S GOING UP!...
HOORAY!
...THE POUND'S DOWN!
HELP!
WHY, IF I HAD A FIVER FOR EVERY TIME THIS HAPPENED...
...YOU'D NOW BE BROKE!
MEANWHILE, IN THE RETARDIS, THE WASTE-OF-TIME LORD WAS RALLYING HIS TROOP WITH AN APPEAL
WHOEN CALLING DIRE! I'M PREPARED TO DO A DEAL WITH YOU! TOGETHER WE CAN SMASH THE MAGGON!
...BUT YOU'RE A NO-HOPER!
SO YOU AGREE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING COMMON?
DR. WHOEN! THERE'S A BOMB SCARE! WE'RE ABOUT TO BOMB!
SUFFERIN' SAD ACTS!
THE INCREASINGLY CONFIDENT COLONEL WAS MUSTERING HIS SPACEMEN FOR THE GALACTIC BATTLE AHEAD. BUT INSIDE THE SPACE STATION ...
DEFENCE, THE ECONOMY, UNIONS... WE KEEP CHANGING OUR VIEWS ON EVERYTHING!
NO, I DON'T THINK SO AT ALL!
REALLY?
AT LEAST WE'RE CONSISTENTLY INCONSISTENT!
YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO DIRE — HE'S GOT RID OF HIS ENEMIES, DESTROYED ALL OPPOSITION AND NOW EVERYONE THINKS THE WAY HE DOES!
DOESN'T HE REMIND YOU OF SOMEONE?
OH, YES... THE ...MAG... AAAARGH!

GNOMEBY'S

CAN'T AFFORD OUR PRICES?

Now, thanks to Gnomeby's New Personal Loan Scheme, you can become the proud owner of some of the world's most exclusive masterpieces. For a down-payment of only £8.95, you could become the owner of a £200 million art treasure — the balance of the purchase price, £199,000,091.50, will be lent to you by Gnomeby's on very advantageous terms.

We'll be frank.

Gnomeby's aren't making this absurdly generous offer just out of the goodness of their hearts.

Our world-famous experts in the creative accounting department have worked out that the best way to keep the art market buoyant is to jack up the prices of any old rubbish that falls into our hands, in the hope that some idiotic Japanese punters will think that these are the real values of the paintings.

That's why we're virtually paying you to take it away! (So long as you pay it back in the end!)

*** Read what one satisfied customer, Mr A. Junk-bond of Perth, says about the Gnomeby's Personal Loan Scheme:**

"I am absolutely delighted to have acquired Rembrandt's famous 'Goldfish', thanks to your scheme. It is the talking point of our new boardroom, and makes a very favourable impression on my creditors when they come asking for the greenies. Which brings me to a further point. Owing to a temporary downturn in various aspects of my day-to-day cashflow situation, could you please find another mug to take the picture back pronto at a favourable profit. I also have a few hundred studies of eucalyptus trees by the famous Australian impressionist painter Murray Austrillo (1926-67). These should be worth a few extra million, which I could certainly do with at this moment in time..." (That's enough unsolicited testimonial. Lord G.)

Picasso's "Old Woman"
(sold for £78 million. March 1989. Original estimate £350)

Van Gogh's "Shoelaces"
(sold for £156 million. May 1989. Real value 0.5p)

Francis Bacon's "Man Vomiting in Urinal" (J. Bernard)
(sold for £2.512 million. August 1989. Real value nothing)

Andy Warhol's "Rita Hayworth 14"
(sold at Gnomeby's. New York. for £8.212 billion. September 1989. 70 more copies of this picture still to clear)

GNOMEBY'S

THE ART OF MONEY

THE INDEPENDENT

LETTERS

50 Greatest Men in the History of the World

From Dr Jonathan Miller

Sir: When I recently returned from my holiday in New York I was appalled to see the streets of London full of rubbish.

But this was nothing to my shock when I read the even more appalling rubbish perpetrated by your contributor Lord Rees-Smirk on the subject of the 50 Greatest Men in the History of the World.

I mean to say, really! Who does he think he is, this Right-Fogg? Shakespeare and Beethoven are all very well, but it takes an unmitigated philistine and ignoramus like Lord Really-Smugg to draw up such a list without mentioning such obvious giants as Isaac Schlumpf and Bernie Bettelheim. And what about the author of that seminal work *Relativity, Psycho-analysis and Quantum Mechanics — A New Unified Field Theory of the Revolving Trouser Press* (1947)? Surely Jorge Egkop should be at the top of anyone's list, not to mention von Popper, Frisbee, and that great semiologist Claude-Francois Alzheimer, a name too easily forgotten.

When it comes to composers, anyone can reel off such obvious candidates as Schubert and Bach. But it would be absurd to overlook the important contributions of Klumpff, Bumpff, Sandal and Virgil Tompkinson. As for the performing arts, one name will spring immediately into the mind of every right thinking person. I refer, of course to

Your obedient servant
JONATHAN MILLER

Literary Review

Mediocre is the message

The Message To The Planet
Iris Murdoch
Chatto & Windus, £13.95

OVER the last month or so the gentle chatter of London literary society, the quiet susurrations about who's sleeping with whom and who on earth my dear is this James Kelman person, have been disturbed by a series of loud clacking noises: the sound of distinguished lady novelists and their reputations going down like ninepins.

It has been a sequential business. First we had Peter Kemp tearing Anita Brookner into tiny fragments in the *Sunday Times*. Then we had Margaret Drabble's *A Natural Curiosity* receiving such a scathing set of notices that her publishers, when they came to advertise it, were forced to do without reviewers' quotes altogether. This week's candidate for mass excoriation is the *grande dame* of English letters, Iris Murdoch.

The degree of hostility attracted by *The Message To The Planet* has been quite remarkable. "...lack of action, interminable breast-beating and unbelievable or all-too-believably boring characters," thought Rhoda Koenig in the *Literary Review*. According to the *Sunday Correspondent*, it was "hugely bad". Even Jan Morris, a lifetime Murdoch fan, could be found ending her piece in the *Independent* with the suggestion that, really, it was about time that this particular genre was brought to a close.

Why this universal condemnation? And why now? It is not as if this Iris Murdoch, the 23rd, is especially different from the most recent of the preceding 22. For a start it is immensely long and, in its central situation, immensely familiar. Its chief character is a reclusive ex-mathematician and painter Marcus Vallar, whose friends are convinced that he has discovered the meaning of life. Their earnest conversations ("Marcus is beyond good and evil") seem to be confirmed by an incident in which Marcus appears to raise a fourth friend if not from the dead, then at any rate from his death throes.

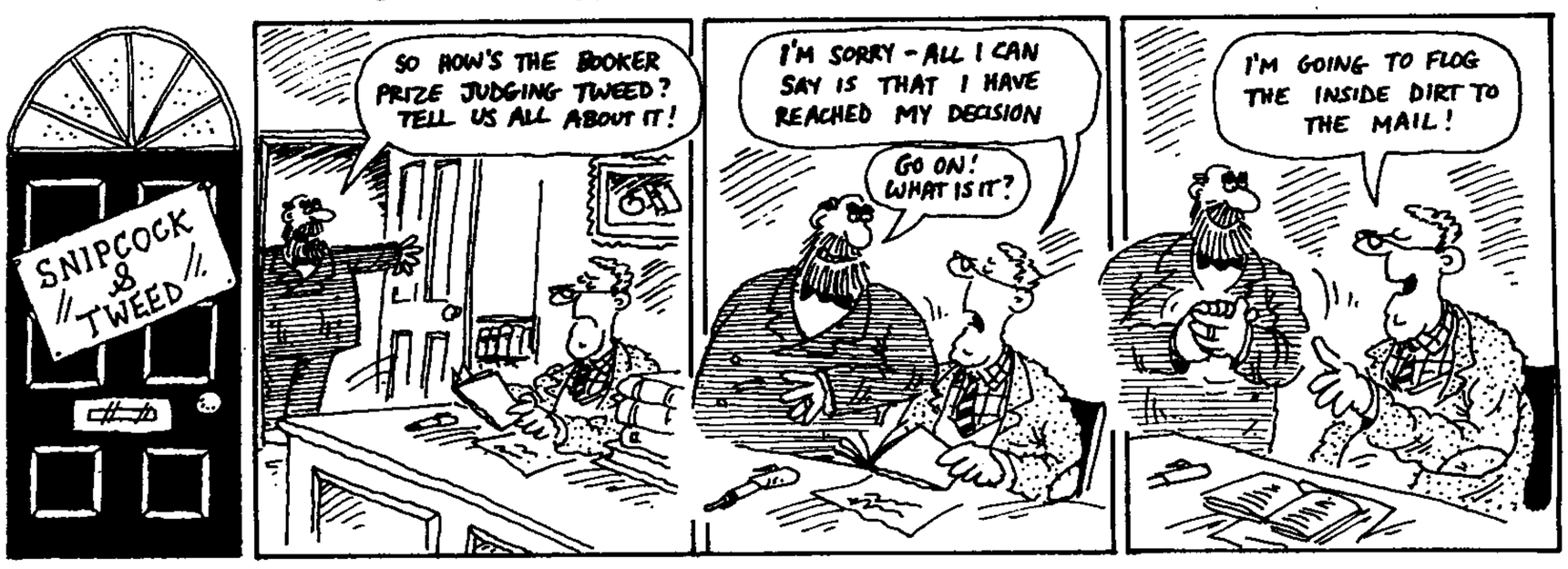
The secret? No one is entirely sure, but "what was necessary was a kind of deep thinking, which would involve new concepts, or perhaps no concepts at all, and which was not philosophy, or science, and was certainly not mythology or poetry... or morality". Subsequently, Marcus is removed by his daughter to an expensive rest home in the country where he becomes a local guru and the cast assembles to look on, speculate and fall in love with each other.

This is not so much *an* Iris Murdoch novel as *the* Iris Murdoch novel. It has the silly names (hands up anyone who knows a "Gildas" or a "Marzillian"?), the overblown, italicised orations ("Happiness, Franca, happiness, we have it, we'll keep it, *you* must keep it"), the mad, gorgeous women who refer to their boyfriends as "darling silly beast". Above all, it is interminable.

The stories about Murdoch's refusal to be edited are well-known — and it is a fact that the contribution of her editor at Chatto is limited to correcting a shaky grasp of London topography — but any decent publisher's editor asked to read *The Message To The Planet* would spot immediately that it is just a mass of material, a formless sequence of events and conversation, demanding shortening, sharpening and compression. At its heart lies a tremendous sense of absorption. If only Murdoch could be persuaded to stand back from her work just for a moment, you feel, then there might be an end to these prolix grinds and a book that didn't give such an impression of bursting at the seams.

Meanwhile, why all the critical squawking noises? After all, like any Iris Murdoch novel, *The Message To The Planet* is full of elegant descriptive writing and deft set-pieces. Moreover, unlike most modern writers, its author isn't afraid to use melodrama to bring off a particular effect.

But these are trying times for the senior novelist. For years the Murdochs and the Drabbles could unload their offerings on the public with a fair chance that the reviewers would be polite enough to conceal their reservations. The treatment handed out to poor Dame Iris does no more than symbolise a great deal of accumulated resentment. Book-reviewing in this country is beginning to look like a blood sport again.


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
SO HOW'S THE BOOKER PRIZE JUDGING TWEED? TELL US ALL ABOUT IT!
I'M SORRY - ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT I HAVE REACHED MY DECISION
GO ON! WHAT IS IT?
I'M GOING TO FLOG THE INSIDE DIRT TO THE MAIL!

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

■ THE feud between Cap'n Bob and his unofficial biographer Tom Bower is becoming more and more complicated.

Mandarin Books, part of Paul Hamlyn's Octopus Books, has been forced to withdraw from publishing a paperback version of *Maxwell the Outsider* in the UK at the insistence of its parent company, Reed International. This is despite previous assurances from Reed's chief executive Peter Davis that he would respect the editorial independence of Octopus, providing the lawyers were satisfied. Richard Charkin, managing director of Octopus, has stated that publication was cancelled for legal and commercial reasons, thus putting the blame squarely on Reed.

Maxwell, meanwhile, has initiated libel proceedings in France against the French edition of Bower's book, published by Presse de la Cité, which contains an extra 20,000 words about "Le capitaine's" business activities there.

□ **THE JUDGES for the third NCR book award for non-fiction, which carries a prize of £25,000, have been announced.**

They are Ronnie Mulryne, Professor of English at Warwick; Lalla Ward, whose television credits include *Dr Who*; and Labour's Ben Whitaker. Chairman of the judges is Sir Brian "drop your trousers" Rix, but the real intellectual weight comes from Jan Leeming who has "written several books and magazine articles".

■ INSTEAD of retiring gracefully to the golf course as befits their age, Ian and Marjory Chapman — the Macbeths of Cheam who were displaced respectively as chairman/chief executive and editorial director of Collins when Rupert Murdoch bought the one-time Scottish publishing house — have announced the launch of "a major new British publishing initiative": Chapmans Publishing, henceforth to be known as Chappersons.

The Macbeths, property and "leisure" group Taylor Clark and Associated Newspapers Holdings own just under a third each of the company and one of its first projects is Bubbles Rothermere's long-awaited memoirs. The company will enter into a "special" relationship with the paperback house Pan to reprint its books. "We're delighted to be linking up with an old sparring partner and friend as well as one of the most professional operators in the business," observes Macbeth Chapman sagaciously.

The editorial director of beleaguered Pan is Ian Chapman — son of the Chappersons.

□ *GOLLANCZ'S publishing director and science fiction editor Malcolm Edwards has accepted the blandishments of Grafton, part of the Digger's Collins empire, and agreed to be in charge of science fiction and fantasy there.*

His list at Gollancz accounted for a third of the firm's annual turnover. Gollancz, meanwhile, has not been sold to Collins but to the Boston, Mass. imprint, Houghton Mifflin. Thus another "independent" British publisher now flies the stars and stripes.

'Bookworm'

Electricity

Figure skating

THE INSPECTOR at the Hinkley Point nuclear power station inquiry in Somerset has finally had enough of the jokey statistics put up by the Central Electricity Generating Board. At what should have been the last rites, after 168 days of hearings and under constant pressure from the inspector to hurry up the proceedings, word emerged from his secretariat that it might be a good idea to adjourn.

The inspector, Mr Michael Barnes QC, was thinking of a four-week break if only some of the objectors would ask for it. His reason: the CEGB had admitted that its cost-estimates for the pressurised water reactor (PWR) being built at Sizewell were 10 per cent too low after only two years of construction, with five years still to go.

Not all the extra 10 per cent would be carried on to the costs for Hinkley, claimed the CEGB. Perhaps it would mean only a 3 to 4 per cent increase for that station. The announcement caused little surprise among the objectors, who had always forecast that this would happen. But for Mr Barnes and his official assessor sitting stonily beside him, economist Professor Alistair Ulph, it was the last straw.

They put a series of questions to the CEGB's counsel, Lord Silsoe, which showed clearly that they suspected the CEGB was engaging in the old book-keeping custom of back-loading — attributing most of the extra costs to Sizewell, which has already been given the go-ahead by Government, to make Hinkley still appear attractive.

Whichever way they manipulate the figures, the fact is that Sizewell started out as a nuclear bargain at £1.2 billion and is going to cost well over £2 billion. Hinkley started out at £1.47 billion and is now, even on the CEGB's figures, going to cost around £2 billion. In real life, both will cost a great deal more.

Backstage, the secretariat swung into action. The agricultural college where the inquiry is held had to be persuaded to extend the lease, along with its permission for portacabins to reside in the ancient courtyard. Landlords had to be asked to ignore the notice they had been given and objectors who were not present had to be encouraged to return.

The inspector deferred the issue until the arrival from London of the fragrant Fiona Reynolds of the Council for the Protection of Rural England, and from Sheffield of the less-fragrant representative of the National Union of Mineworkers.

Ms Reynolds pointed out that her group had been querying the CEGB figures ever since the Sizewell inquiry and the admission by the CEGB raised "fundamental questions about the adequacy of the CEGB's methodology and approach to power station planning and construction". In other words, if you can't trust their costings, can you accept their word on anything else?

Mr Brian Parkin, for the NUM, forecast that the Government would follow its decision to withdraw the Magnox stations from the privatisation package by withdrawing the advanced gas-cooled reactors (AGRs) and the PWR programme too. Indeed there is a widespread suspicion that, once the Tories have held their conference, the whole nuclear sector will be pulled back from the privatisation offer.

The inspector would then be left looking foolish, having spent a year or two considering a nuclear power station destined for the private sector on the grounds that it was a good buy, being told that it was being pulled back on the grounds that it was not viable.

Having heard the objectors, Mr Barnes decided four weeks was not enough for the proper preparation of new evidence and adjourned for six weeks. The inquiry, which the Government intended to be a quickie, will resume on Day 172 in November.

It was two days after the adjournment that the Energy Secretary John Wakeham announced a six-month delay in the privatisation programme. Putting it mildly, the scheme to earn £30 billion for the Treasury by selling off the industry is looking more than a little groggy.

Trade & Industry

Mint with the hole in it

THE WAY the Department of Timidity and Incompetence has so far handled events surrounding the Ferranti affair shows a clear determination to maintain its blemished reputation under the leadership of bumbling Nicholas Ridley.

Ridley had barely warmed his seat at the DTI when in early August he gave the go-ahead for the £2bn takeover of defence contractor Plessey by GEC and the German firm, Siemens. A previous bid by GEC for Plessey in 1985 had eventually been blocked by the Monopolies and Mergers Commission following advice from the Ministry of Defence that it would severely affect competition.

No such problem was envisaged this time, however, as the proposal was to split Plessey between the joint bidders. The parts that GEC intended to gobble up would still face plenty of healthy competition in the UK from the likes of Ferranti. Even Plessey saw the logic of this and in an effort to fend off the bid went so far as to propose a merger with Ferranti, acquiring a 2 per cent stake for £15m in the process.

By Friday 8 September, GEC's 270p per share offer had convinced the majority of Plessey's shareholders. On Monday the 11th, Ferranti asked for its shares to be suspended, following the now-famous discovery of a £150m "hole" in the accounts of its American subsidiary, ISC. This was swiftly followed by the revelation that the DTI "would be investigating".

It comes as no surprise to learn that Ferranti had in fact advised the DTI of its problems several weeks before, but had been asked not to rock the boat until the Plessey bid was out of the way.

● **ONE OF the points missed in the British press over the Ferranti scandal is the background of Jim Guerin, the American whose company ISC caused so much trouble for Ferranti with bogus defence contracts in the Gulf and Pakistan.**

Guerin is remembered in London from the early 1970s, when he shared an office with former CIA agent and terrorist trainer Edward Wilson. Wilson had a partner called Terpill, and the two of them were close to Said Gadaffam, the Libyan terrorist controller. Wilson fled the country after his activities in trading weapons and vehicles to Libya prompted the US to issue extradition warrants.

Wilson eventually returned to the US to receive heavy prison sentences. Guerin also returned to America, as we now know. Terpill is a fugitive in Havana.

Community Relations

Pig Farming Weekly

GREAT was the excitement in the media when news came through of a "top-secret facility trip" to Broadwater Farm. Here was a chance to report and film a "mass drugs raid" on the notorious "Farm", scene of the 1986 riots during which PC Keith Blakelock was killed.

The police had been planning their "massive raid" for months. "Intelligence" had been sought by their spies on the Farm for "likely suspects" who might have drugs. A couple of "locals" were lined up to tell the media how important it was for the police to catch the drug dealers — and everything went with a swing.

The more "quality" the medium, the more its reporters fell for the police red carpet treatment. ITN, for instance, excelled itself by putting the raid second on its news bulletin for 29 September. The entire press bayed in ecstasy at the wonderfully popular police operation. Some newspapers even suggested that good relations had been restored between the police and the estate.

What no journalist seems to have remembered is that all this had happened before. In July 1986, hundreds of police had been spotted cutting down trees at the back of a pub in Brixton. This was the prelude to a "massive drugs raid" on the pub, during which hundreds of armed and helmeted coppers charged into the pub after alighting from a special train and charging through the waste land where they had cut down the trees.

They were accompanied by a few "locals" and a host of reporters. All the papers reported that the raid resulted in 65 arrests and the seizure of "massive" amounts of cocaine and cannabis.

In the days after the raid, a flow of features filled the newspapers about Brixton and its drug-crazed community, all of which were inspired and assisted by the Scotland Yard press office. No one noticed when only 23 of the 65 arrested were charged — for possessing a very small amount of cannabis and no cocaine at all.

The Broadwater Farm raid was a carbon-copy of the Brixton pub job. After the 29 September "mass raid" fewer than 30 people have been charged with drug offences, which involve what an official police spokesman called "a small quantity of cocaine and a larger amount of cannabis".

An ingenious explanation for this pathetic haul was given by Chief Superintendent Dick Stacey, who led the raid. He said the main dealers had been "tipped off" by a leak. He appeared very angry about this until other officers pointed out that the operation itself had been "leaked" to the media by the police.

No one seems worried about this and the newspaper features about Broadwater Farm have been nostalgic re-runs of the Brixton articles of 1986. These "massive raids" are proving highly successful, not, of course, in controlling drugs (which was never their purpose) but in good police publicity. Their dual purpose — to intimidate and harass the community against whom they have a grievance while appearing to be responsible, multi-racial and benign — has been triumphantly achieved, thanks to ITN and the boys from the Street of Shame.

FACT: The Brixton raid celebrated the fifth anniversary of the Brixton riots of 1981.

ANOTHER FACT: The Broadwater Farm raid celebrated the third anniversary of the Broadwater Farm riots of 1986.

In the City

BELEAGUERED if not exactly besieged in his Park Lane pyramid, the phoney Pharaoh Mohamed Fayed is said to have tired of waiting for his former friends in the Tory Party to make up their minds about publishing the damning 752-page report into his 1985 takeover of the Harrods group, House of Fraser. His minions are now said to be hard at work finalising the Pharaoh's own alternative report into the investigation carried out by the Department of Trade & Industry inspectors and passed 15 months ago to the Serious Farce Office.

It is not yet clear whether the Pharaoh intends to make defence the best form of attack and publish his report before the DTI's new man Nicholas Ridley presses the button on the official version, or wait on that Department of Timidity and Inaction decision which Ridley's predecessor Lord Young cravenly agreed would be notified to Park Lane 72 hours ahead of time.

Current betting favours a pre-emptive strike, if only because waiting on Ridley, while not Godot-like, is somewhat open ended. Despite constant rumours that publication was imminent, it is now perilously near to the return of Parliament. This gives Labour yet one more golden opportunity to capitalise on a government fiasco.

A deal was certainly on as Young's swansong in July. A key piece of that deal involved a £52 million payment by the Fayed brothers to the Inland Revenue regarding the little matter of their personal tax liability as belatedly admitted UK residents in relation to the £300 million-plus cash brought into the UK as part of the Fraser bid and subsequently claimed as their own wealth. This was all set to be finalised at a meeting on 10 July between the Revenue, whose Special Office in Solihull had had the Fayeds in its sights since 1984 and agreed a previous deal on seemingly less than the full facts, and the Fayeds' advisors. That deal went up in the air when it was publicised the previous day in *The Observer*.

Had the £52 million tax deal — the biggest ever personal settlement made by individuals — gone down, then within days Young and Attorney-General Sir Patrick Mayhew were to have met to discuss publication of the report and the dawdling SFO organisation.

On their agenda is suggested to have been the remaining pieces of the Pharaoh package designed to limit political damage to the Government and in particular Mrs Thatcher, who was persuaded that Fayed was a Pharaoh after meeting him with the real source of his "wealth", the Sultan of Brunei, and Norman Tebbit, the then Trade Secretary whom Fayed conned into waiving the Fraser bid through.

This would have involved no prosecution (probably on the stated but spurious basis of the inability to obtain acceptable as distinct from available evidence about the Fayeds' far from Pharaonic beginnings in Egypt or from the Sultan about how Fayed used his billions as his own or from Fayed's swiss bankers or all three) either for perjury or deception or Companies Act offences. Instead there could be an action to disqualify them from being directors of the Fraser companies — a cosmetic sop as it would not affect their ownership through Liechtenstein. And of course publication of the report which it would be said would severely damage their "reputation" worldwide. Plus no doubt word would have leaked out about the £52 million.

That cynical face-saver was knocked off the political rails by the public spirited soul who leaked the copy of a letter from the Crown Prosecution Service — in charge of the perjury end of the investigation — signalling that a deal was on.

Since early July there has been silence. Over at the SFO the gathering of statements continues and the head of the small Fraud Squad team, Detective Superintendent Kenneth Woodward, was recently even carrying out inquiries in the US — home of Leon Carasso, a key witness as to the Fayeds' humble beginnings and certain of their over-stated assets. But no one seriously believes that the Egyptian, Swiss and Brunei obstacles can be overcome in order to make a case for prosecution unless there was a will to do so and nobody believes that will has ever existed. Witness the delay from July until December last year before the Fraud Squad was called in, during which some at the SFO wanted to slap a "No Further Action" label on the DTI's findings.

So, the reasons behind the July deal are still valid and the only puzzle is what is holding it up now? Could it be that Mrs T is conscious not only of her own potential for embarrassment, but also of her friend the Sultan? Is the Foreign Office lobbying on the Sultan's behalf against publication or for an excised version omitting the DTI inspectors' findings that it was his money that was used to buy Harrods without so much as a Fayed by-your-leave?

Is it possible that the Government is afraid of what a disgraced Fayed might say about his relationships with ministers, Mrs Thatcher, Mark Thatcher or party contributions? After all, there is still a lot of explaining to do about why Tebbit (who then became party chairman) was so keen to allow the Fayed bid through over the doubts of his own officials about the Pharaoh's *bona fides;* why it took two years for the DTI to agree to the investigation which found Fayed to be a fraud; and why, after that finding, the DTI under Thatcher favourite Young, turned its back against forcing the Fayeds to divest themselves of a prize they had obtained by deception.

Certainly the Prime Minister would not want to see such questions raised prior to this year's Tory Nuremburg Rally. But the window of opportunity before the Commons reopens for business with Labour in full cry is growing narrower. If not soon, then when? How much longer after the recess can the Attorney-General avoid having to answer questions about the "progress" of the SFO investigation?

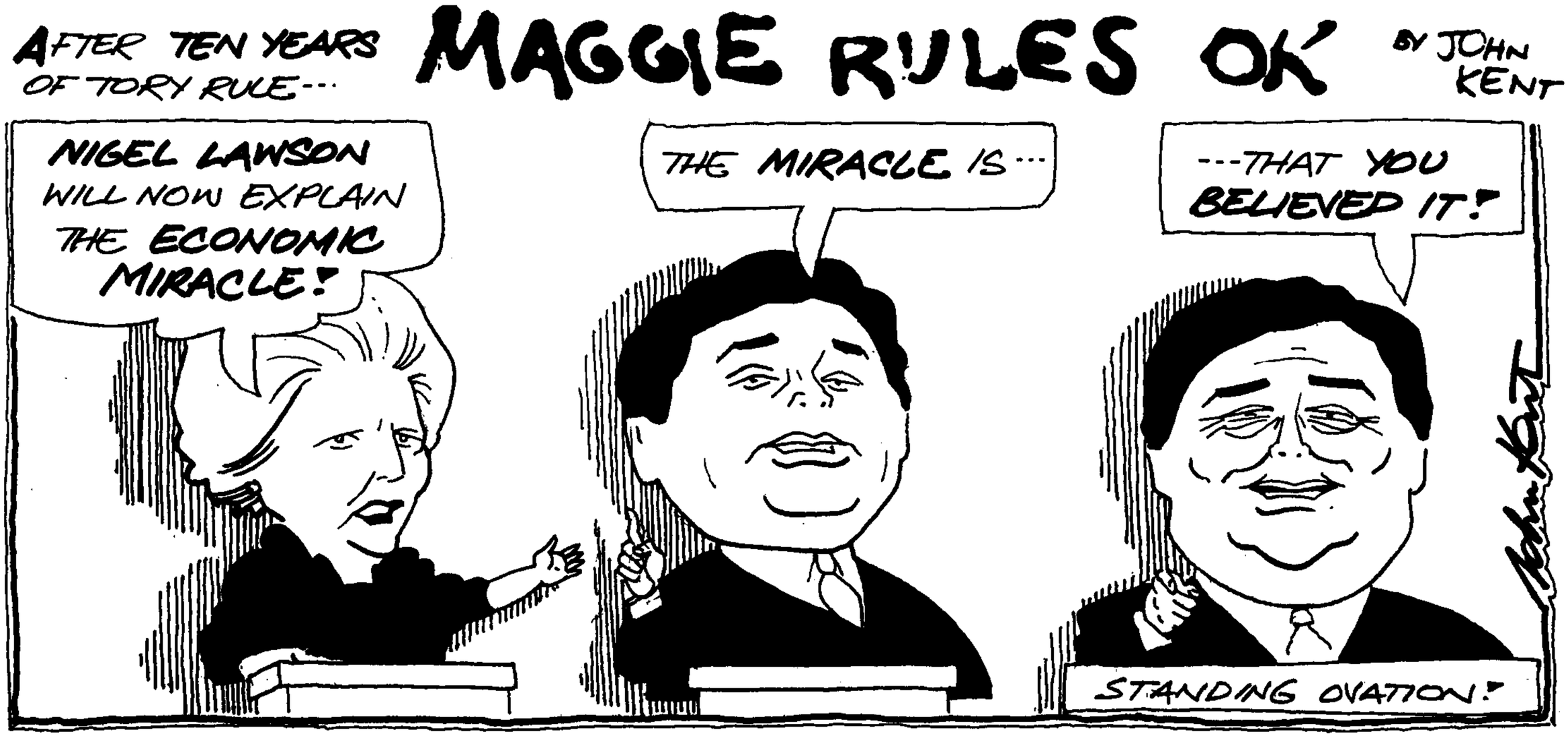
News that Fayed meanwhile plans his own counter-attack is certain to concentrate the political minds as Ridley and Mayhew continue to look for the deal that will save their master's face. Especially as it seems more than likely that the Fayed version —curiously omitting such DTI findings as that he was guilty of dishonesty, deception and telling a pack of lies to Tebbit, the Office of Fair Trading and the DTI — is likely to zero in on the DTI/SFO investigations themselves.

Fayed fanciers — there are still some, all are on his payroll —talk about junior minister Michael Howard (once Trade now Water) and his family links to unsuccessful property developer (except in avoiding prison) banker Harry Landy, a friend of the Pharaoh's arch enemy "Tiny" Rowland. Was the whole DTI investigation a Rowland fix through Howard, they suggest. Then there is likely to be a few words of lack of praise for the inspectors themselves, Mr Justice Brooke and chartered accountant Hugh Aldous. This, like Howard, would hardly be welcome at Number 10 given that Henry Brooke's brother is currently Northern Ireland Secretary.

Then there is the SFO and the Fraud Squad. There the focus is likely to be on the suggestions that the investigation was also biased because of a supposed link between one of the junior detectives and Lonrho security chief, former Det Chief Supt Ken Etheridge. After all, the Fayed camp points out, both that officer and Woodward's original deputy have been transferred off the Fayed team. Could it be that the police will be suggested as the source of the leaked copy of the DTI report which reached Rowland in April? Ironically, there was considerable opposition within the Fraud Squad to those transfers because they could be used to justify the Fayed smears.

Perhaps the best thing the Park Lane phoney Pharaoh could do would be to publish. That way he might flush out the dithering Mayhew and Ridley from behind their wall of silence so that the political questions that publication of the House of Fraser report will certainly raise can finally be put to Fayed's most helpful friends in high places — Norman Tebbit, Lord Young and Margaret Thatcher.

'Slicker'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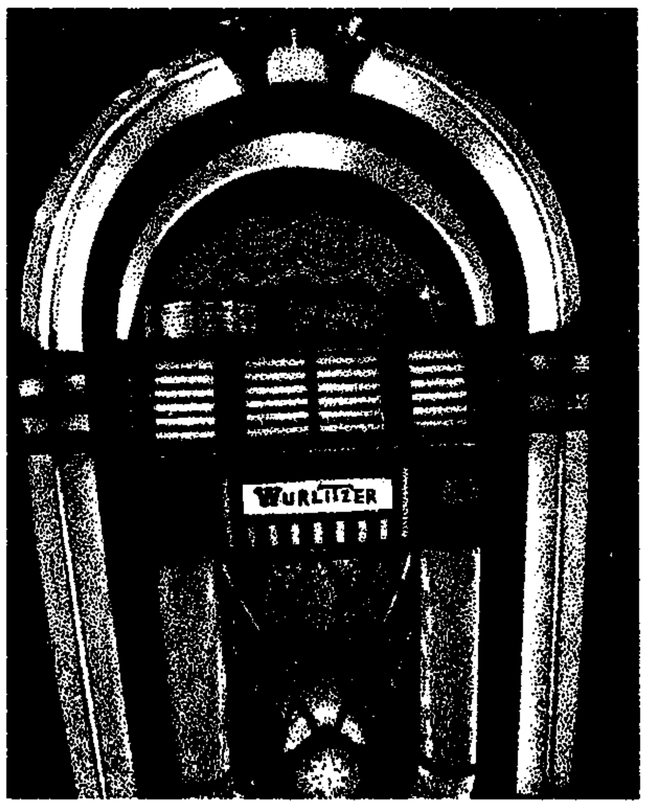

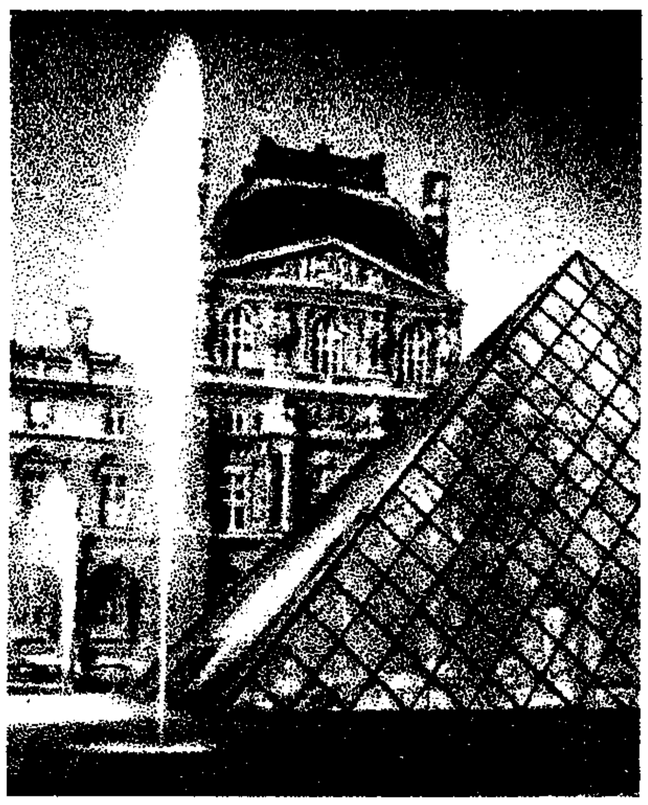

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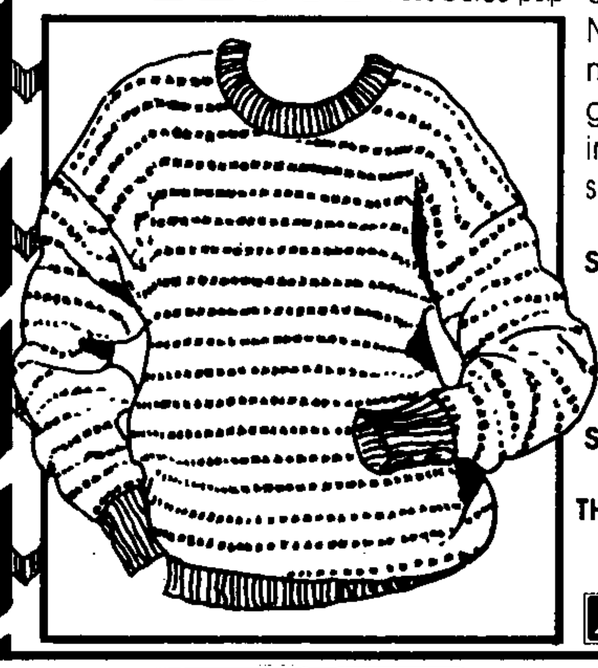

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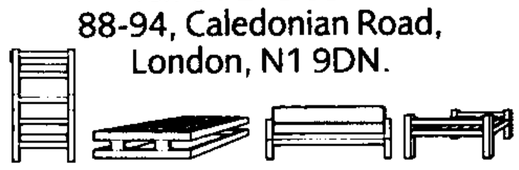

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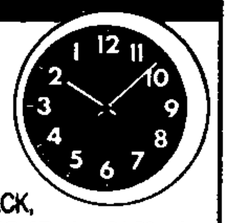

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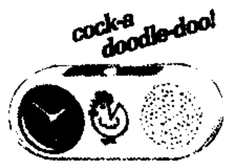

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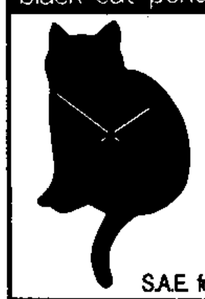

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Please send your ads by October 17th for inclusion in our next issue.

"The sands of time are drawing slowly to a close..."
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WE APOLOGISE to all our friends who during the long summer had to grub around in doctors' waiting rooms, searching out back copies of the Eye to find our ad. No longer despair, we are back in the columns with a "Lairds call to arms" for another silly season! For more info tel 0273 676073 anytime.

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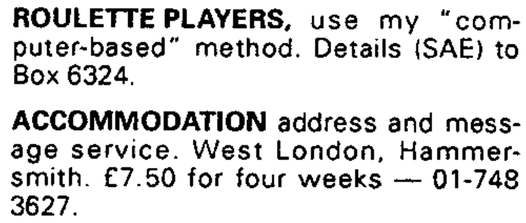

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MARRIED graduate desires an uninhibited W. Mancunian lady for occasional exploration of her "perfumed garden". Box 1026.

PERCEPTIVE guy, 49, dominant, strong, trustworthy. Seeks that (younger) lady who has been holding back. Box 1126.

6FT 4IN well "built" hunky, slim, athletic, professional single male, 33, seeks slim, sexy, suspender-clad busty female, married/single, for erotic champagne liaisons. Photo please. Discretion absolutely guaranteed. Box 2324.

GOOD LOOKING, professional male, late 30's, tall, slim, warm, lively, intuitive, humorous and caring, likes travel, outdoors, arts, good food, seeks a slim pretty female with similar qualities to share these and more with. Photo please. Box 1226.

UGLY bastard (30), adventurous, incurable romantic, weird sense of humour and lonely (Ahh!) seeks similar female (but not ugly) for fun and hopefully lasting relationship — photo and phone no. essential — London, Devon, anywhere. Box 1326.

SINGLE male, professional, mid thirties, 6ft, 170 pounds, disorganised, two homes (London and Wiltshire) six figure income, seeks attractive lady friend/lover/maybe more, photo please. Box 1426.

BOOKISH recluse, W6, shortly to retire yet virile, invites invasion of privacy by elegant companion, sorties to explore pleasures of the table or other fleshpots or simply healthy exercise. Greenish tendencies, non smoker. Box 1526.

ATTRACTIVE, sporty, professional lady, forties, no ties, warm personality seeks capable, generous male to spend some time with. N/W England. Box 1626.

CARING male, 30, seeks fun loving female, attractive, good sense of humour, for fun, good food, wine etc. And genuine lasting relationship. Photo and phone no. if possible. Hampshire/London. Box 1726.

LONDON Lawyerette, 44, seeks unattached bimbo-resistant male, 40's, for non-clandestine relationship. You: delicious, discriminating, passionate, patient, warm, relaxed achiever — a match for my brains and looks. Me: faithful, feminine, feminist needing phun probably impossible, seeking the improbable! Box 1826.

FEMININE attractive, 40, warm, caring, intelligent. desires older wealthy male for special but uncomplicated relationship. Box 1926.

MALE, coming up 40, looking for a fantasy female, aged 20-35. Looks not everything, but fun is. Essex area. Box 2026.

TALL dark, handsome, English, 42, healthy, solvent, romantic, unattached. Seeks slim lady 30-40 within 50 miles Windsor. Phone photo please. ALA. Box 2126.

MALE, unusual, unattached, imaginative, witty, adventurous male, new to England, aged 28, seeks vaguely similar female aged 20-40. Box 2226.

GENTLEMAN, 50, tall, cultured, considerate, generous, seeks attractive shapely woman, London. Box 2326.

ATTRACTIVE, unattached gentleman, wanted to entertain my beautiful, happy, friendly, intelligent mum, 46, based Scotland. Box 2426.

LOVELY, slim, curvy blonde in bad relationship, wishes to meet professional gentleman, fortyish-fiftyish. Kent. Box 2526.

ATTRACTIVE, rare, English black woman undergraduate, twenties. Seeks that older man (mental age) 35-40. Photo please. London. Box 2626.

ATTRACTIVE bachelor, 26, Manchester area, seeks fun-loving girl. Letter guarantees dinner. Box 2225.

Eye Love advertisers often receive more than 300 replies.

MALE, 33, securely employed, own home, seeks liberal/leftish woman for sincere, mutually beneficial (Ugandan?) relationship. Box 2726.

INTELLIGENT, sensitive male, 34, very special, seeks practical and romantic (sic) girlfriend. Likes fun, wit, boats, emotion, complexity and simplicity. Box 2826.

COMPANY director, 39, Virgo, smoker and drinker, wishes to meet intelligent Doris, 20-35, for wining and dining. Sheffield/Lincoln area. Photo appreciated. Box 2926.

STOP look no further; mature warm hearted professional male, 5ft 11" lover of music, opera, ballet, countryside, children. Marriage broken down, wants attractive young lady friend for permanent match; initially let's escape to sun/fun Greek Island holiday break planned for next month. (Photo appreciated) Box 3026.

EDUCATED, intelligent, attractive, professional woman (yes, really), early 30s, seeks similar male. Ideally you are aged 40-55), successful, assertive, etc. Aim: drinks? dinner? theatre? opera? Discretion assured, ALA. Box 3126.

PROFESSIONAL male, 34, central Scotland, seeks intelligent lady. Sense of humour important, letter and photo guarantees reply. Box 3326.

TALL, SLIM, good looking, mid 40s male, northerner living in south, unattached, solvent and successful, teenage children, third world involvement and travel, never had 9-5 job and likes new horizons and challenges, seeks adventurous attractive female partner 35+ with itchy feet and yearning to see and do things. Box 3426.

WITTY, worldly, wise - well two out of three ain't bad. I'm youngish, tallish, marriedish, 40ish, male. You are free for lunch in Chelsea next week. Box 3526.

MALE, 39, whose marriage has lost affection and fun, would like to meet lady in similar situation. London /Kent. Box 3626.

TALL, good looking male, 46, lovely Georgian farmhouse and cottage seeks devastatingly beautiful younger female for happy relationship and hopefully start family later. Box 3726.

MISSING the colours of Africa: and a man to share them with. Box 3826.

OVER-EDUCATED, fun-loving, attractive woman seeks Mr (W)right — preferably warm, humorous professional and late 30s-early 40s. Essex/Kent. Photo please. Box 3926.

ATTRACTIVE female, mid-30's, professional, sense of humour, Guardian-reader, varied social interests. Would like to meet unattached like-minded, solvent man. Box 4026.

ATTENTIVE male, 46, 5'8", slim, fit, seeks attractive lady. Home counties. Box 4126.

WOODPECKER seeks Princess Leigh-Chery to make love stay. Box 4226.

PEACEFUL loving joyful lady sought by 48-year-old businessman (tasty) to help make and share happy days. Photo/phone Box 6426.

TWO attractive, professional, tall and fun loving males (mid-20s) seek two like-minded attractive girls for drinks, meals, etc. Photos appreciated. London area. Box 6526.

ATHLETIC undergraduate seeks bored housewife to refine his technique. London. Box 6626.

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR, 31, attractive, tall, Cambridge graduate, with picturesque home in rural France near Geneva, seeks pretty, uncomplicated, domesticated, intelligent girlfriend, 20-30, for committed relationship (send photo). Box 6726.

YOUNG MALE undergraduate seeks warm attractive female, thirties, for mutual pleasure. Write and exchange photos. London/Essex. Box 6826.

DELIGHTFUL CHAP, late thirties, loves Schubert, the outdoors, humour and intelligence, seeks sensitive woman. London/SE. Box 6926.

HANDSOME tall white male seeks black girl/woman. Box 7026.

VIVACIOUS, attractive Jewish lady, 30s. Divorced with one 13-year-old. Seeks similar male. N.W. London/Herts. Box 7126.

DOG-INFESTED MAN (32) seeks infestation of cuddly buddy of own species to infest his life with deep talks, sniggers, hugs and things. (Oxford area.) Box 7226.

WILDLIFE artist/author, slim 42 going on 21, is looking for someone very special, slim, attractive, with a sense of humour, a love of the countryside, but most of all strong and emotionally supportive. 25-32 preferred, the result could be amazing! South-West. Photo please. Box 7426.

BRISTOL: intelligent sensitive attractive businessman, 36, graduate, slim, tall, company director, ambitious, successful, loves travel, cinema, theatre, music, eating out, eating in, nights on the town, weekends in the country. Generous, romantic and good humoured. So many people in the Bristol area but so hard to find an attractive intelligent woman with whom to enjoy the many pleasures of life. If you too are looking for someone who will be loyal, loving and fun to be with, please send a photo, phone number and a letter which I promise to answer. What can you possibly lose? Only an evening in front of the TV. Box 7326.

More than one Box Number reply? Write the numbers on each envelope and put them all in a larger envelope addressed to us marked "BOX NUMBER REPLIES"

TEACHER/WRITER, divorced, forties, seeks female for physical relationship, conversation. Are you honest, kind, casual and not looking for a life partner? North Herts-ish. Box 7826.

SUCCESSFUL but sweet man, 35, romantic spirit battered but unbroken by loveless marriage, seeks affectionate lady 30-50, perhaps in similar situation, for days at the races, nights at the opera and champagne breakfasts. Box 7926.

CAPTAIN'S LOG, Star date 160989 — nothing to report. All recent encounters very dull. Suitable first mate still not found — tempted to abandon search. Ideal candidate single, professional (30ish) with sense of humour to join attractive single woman crew in London. No pointed ears. Box 8026 with photo.

SEE ME on ITV! Chartered accountant, 35, 6ft, n/s, on "Desperately Seeking Someone", 1.30pm 20-10-89. Full details/photo in "Singles" magazine. Box 8126.

INCURABLE ROMANTIC, 24, works on top TV show, seeks lively girl to share his flat and love of life with. Box 8226.

VERY ATTRACTIVE Mediterranean male, 33, graduate, fit, affectionate, seeks mature, older, wealthy lady, any nationality, for special and maybe long relationship. Box 8326.

LONDON and Languedoc based widow (52), some say articulate and well preserved, hopes for a last fling. Experience of life's backhanders but cognisant of great good fortune. Loves books, current affairs, theatre, food and their dissection. Full honest replies please if anyone interested. Box 8426.

BEAR your child begotten by me, raised by you your way with only an annual report to me. I live in the Far East. Box 8526.

TALL, intelligent, nonascetic scientist, 29, seeks female collaborator to help create monster. No Transylvanians/hunchbacks. Photo appreciated. Box 8626.

IRISH bank manager (28), just qualified as an accountant the hard way, seeks rehabilitation to real world. Preferably by a charming, affectionate, intelligent, argumentative, independent female. Equal opportunities employer. Photo appreciated. Box 8726.

WIDOWER (63), tall, professional, athletic, wishes to meet slim, attractive, cultivated lady (50s, late 40s) for lasting companionship. London/Home Counties. Phone with photo appreciated. Box 8826.

PROFESSIONAL MALE. Slim, attractive, intelligent, sensitive, 36. Photo guarantees reply. Chester. Box 8926.

DISCREET relationship with married lady, any age or nationality, sought by considerate, slim, reasonably good-looking and cultured non-smoking architect, 50, needing passion and tenderness once more. Box 9026.

PHONELESS WOMAN (35), London. Single, non-maternal. Tall, slim, loving, loyal, untidy, dotty, jaded humour, seeks male counterpart(?) (35-45). ALA. Box 9126.

SLIM lonely male, 30, seeks large woman lover, South-East preferred. Box 7626.

ARE THERE two "normal" hunky chaps out there waiting to meet two horny but "normal" girlies for fun, frolics, cuddles and loads of Blackadder. Berkshire area would save on petrol. Box 9226.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 39, single, seeks attractive, articulate, intelligent lady who might consider an autumn holiday together somewhere sunny as the start of a genuine relationship. Box 9326.

FRUSTRATED, tall, divorced executive, 47, great sense of humour. Would like exciting and stimulating correspondence with fun loving, uninhibited lady, leading to future meetings to share what 4 years of celibacy has stored. Box 9426.

RUBENESQUE Julie T. Wallace type lady, caring, compassionate, affectionate, sought by single intelligent humorous unhandsome man 34. Midlands, anywhere. Box 12526.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 27, into theatre, classical music and with Green tendencies, seeks affectionate girl, 22-30, for friendship and romance (maybe). Oxfordshire or thereabouts. Box 9626.

SUCCESSFUL journalist, mid-thirties, loves sporting, country, cultural and Ugandan pursuits, seeks gorgeous pouting female for fun times, London. Box 9826.

ATTRACTIVE successful man, 40, leftish, is looking for blondeish leggy woman for perverse conversation and clean fun in London. Box 9926.

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UNPRETENTIOUS attractive male seeks females with modern views. Box 10526.

FEMALE 50 seeks rich father/lover/home, London. Box 10626.

SUCCESSFUL slim goodlooking Etonian (45, 5ft 11in), super house near Harrods, wants attractive discreet sexy lady lover. Weekdays/weekends/future holidays. Understanding wife lives country house seldom in London. Box 10726.

ELEGANT, attractive, slim and successful lady company director (Oxbridge graduate), 33, recently relocated to the Herts/Cambs area, is seeking to enrich her social life with a similar intelligent, affluent and honest single man. Why not write with phone number for fun and friendship? Box 10826.

HAPPILY MARRIED man seeks happily married lady for happily secret affair. I am 40, rich, educated, distinguished, successful. You are younger, ladylike, sincere and clean-living and need a little pampering. We are both desperately embarrassed by this advert but c'est la vie. Photo essential please. Total confidence is promised. London area. Box 10926.

YORKSHIRE-BASED company director, 41, 5ft 10in, slim, fit and sensual (but married) seeks equally discreet attractive, sexy lady for uncomplicated affair and/or long term friendship. Theatre, good food, travel, mutual pleasure. (Yorkshire/London.) Box 11026.

SLIM attractive professional female, 35, happy outgoing disposition, seeks tall nonsmoking successful male, Northern England. Box 11126.

BUSINESSMAN, 41, in Hong Kong (English) seeks fun female travel companion in Asia to keep watch on his weight. Must enjoy Asian food, booze and heat. Box 11226.

FARMER needs woman. Must love animals. Box 11326.

EUROPEAN attractive man, 42, frequent visitor to London (own house in Hampstead), wishes to meet discreet charming ladies (status immaterial) for uncomplicated but mutually satisfying liaisons. Photo and phone number please. Box 11426.

BLOKE, 32, S. London, saving money on ad so can spend with interesting girl. Letter and photo? Box 11526.

GENTLE MAN,
advanced in years but only agewise. Still enthusiastic, romantic, seeks young girl/woman to share enjoyment of theatre, cinema, concerts, eating out, country drives.
Box 11626.

POSTGRADUATE student, 28, continental, broadminded, enjoys cooking, countryside, books, seeks woman for fulfilling relationship. North-West region. Box 11726.

CYNICAL? Male? Affectionate? Tall? 25-35? Then enjoy some mutual, compassionate moments with like female. Box 11926.

MAN WANTED, tall and amusing, must be able to cook. For attractive blonde single lady, 42. Photo in chef's hat appreciated. Box 9526.

SEXY 60ish white gentleman needs sexy 40ish woman West London. Box 11826.

WELSH EXILE in Nottinghamshire. Male, 40, gentle, caring, seeks feminine woman to hold hands and talk. Good listener. Absolutely confidential both ways. Box 12026.

YOUNG Afro-Caribbean female in distress. Jilted by fiancé and facing imminent deportation. Seeks white knight to avert immigration problem. Help. Box 12226.

SOLICITOR, 32, tall, attractive, slim, single, Oxford graduate, London based, enjoys classical music, seeks elegant intelligent lady, late twenties. Box 12326.

RICH LADIES (25-26). A reply to this ad could seriously damage your wealth. Me, 39, slim, 5ft 10in, handsome, witty, sophisticated, n/s, good fun, broke. Need wining, dining, spoiling etc. London. Witty letter to Box 12426.

INDIVIDUAL GUY. Pushing 50. Looks it too. Happy, fit, successful, radical of thought, hungry, nuts. Loves countryside, music, talking, travel, adventures, slinking about. Need that important soulmate. Younger slim lady preferred, perhaps even given to occasional elegance. Box 7726.

DUSTBIN Hoffman look unlike (32) seeks Fanny Craddock look unlike for unlikely liaison. Nobody sensible, attractive, cool or deb need apply. (Oxford area). Box 3625.

GOOD LOOKING EXECUTIVE aged 37, well-off with lovely home but finds it difficult to meet compatible female due to heavy business commitments. Dominant nature but always kind and considerate. Seeking lady for long-term one-to-one relationship. Must have good looks and have when necessary a submissive side to her personality. Recent photo and phone number appreciated. Box 1224.

MALE, 23, good looking sports graduate, 6ft in, slim, muscular, shy, sensitive, seeks sexual introduction and companionship with sexy goodlooking female in trustworthy atmosphere. London. Photo appreciated. Box 7526.

HAPPILY married but physically neglected man, 33, slim, attractive, humorous, non-sexist, seeks similar, non-smoking woman for mutual solace. Box 3226.

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MALE, Gemini, 52, seeks female Aries/Libra for mutual pleasure — South-East. Phone no and birth certificate! Box 10226.

ATTACHED male (29) seeks attractive discreet female for passionate affair. N. Lancs. Box 10326.

FATHER (grandfather) seeks unconventional young lady for happy father/daughter relationship. Theatres concerts cinemas dining out. Must have sense of humour. London. Box 10426.

SEXY, attractive female with slim but well built body, 35, married but looking for friendship and more with goodlooking man. Reciprocal photo provided. Southern England. Box 12726.

LONDON lady 40 seeks stimulating friends. Advise starsign. Box 12826.

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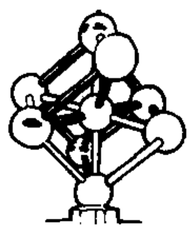

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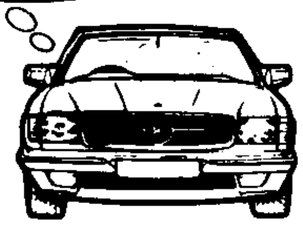

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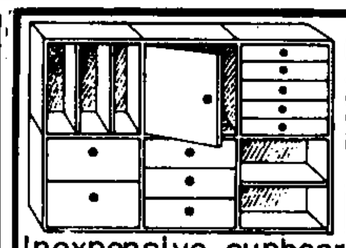

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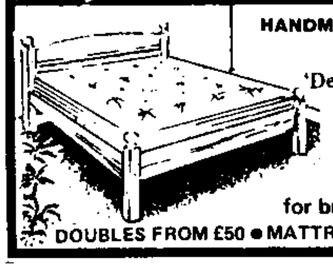

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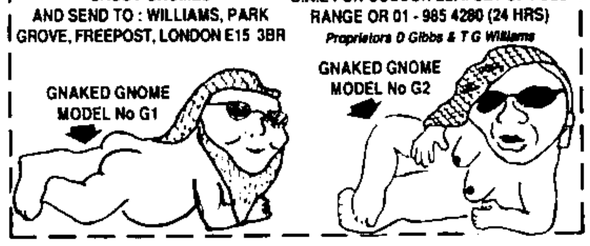

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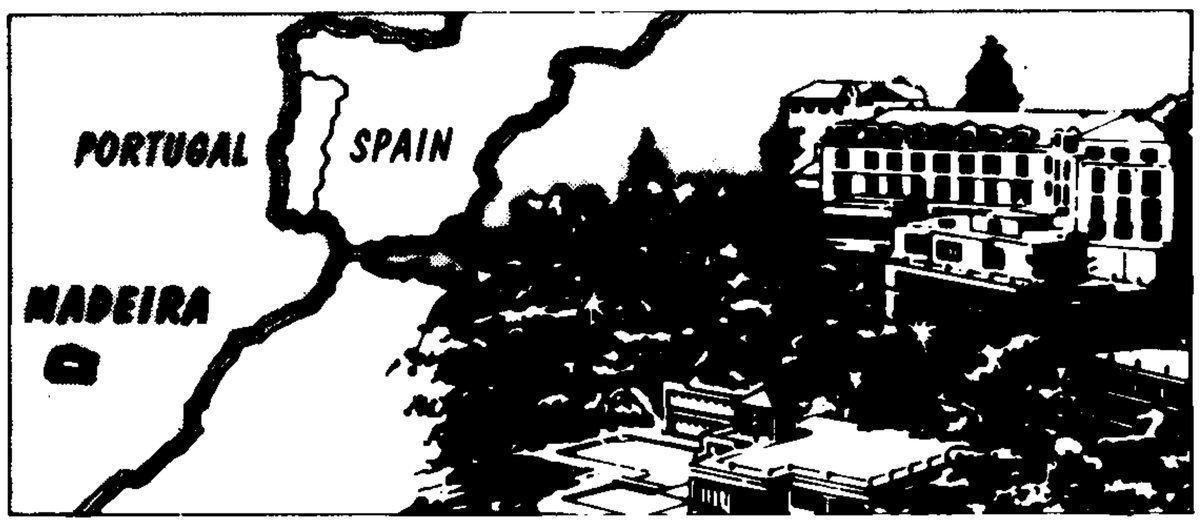

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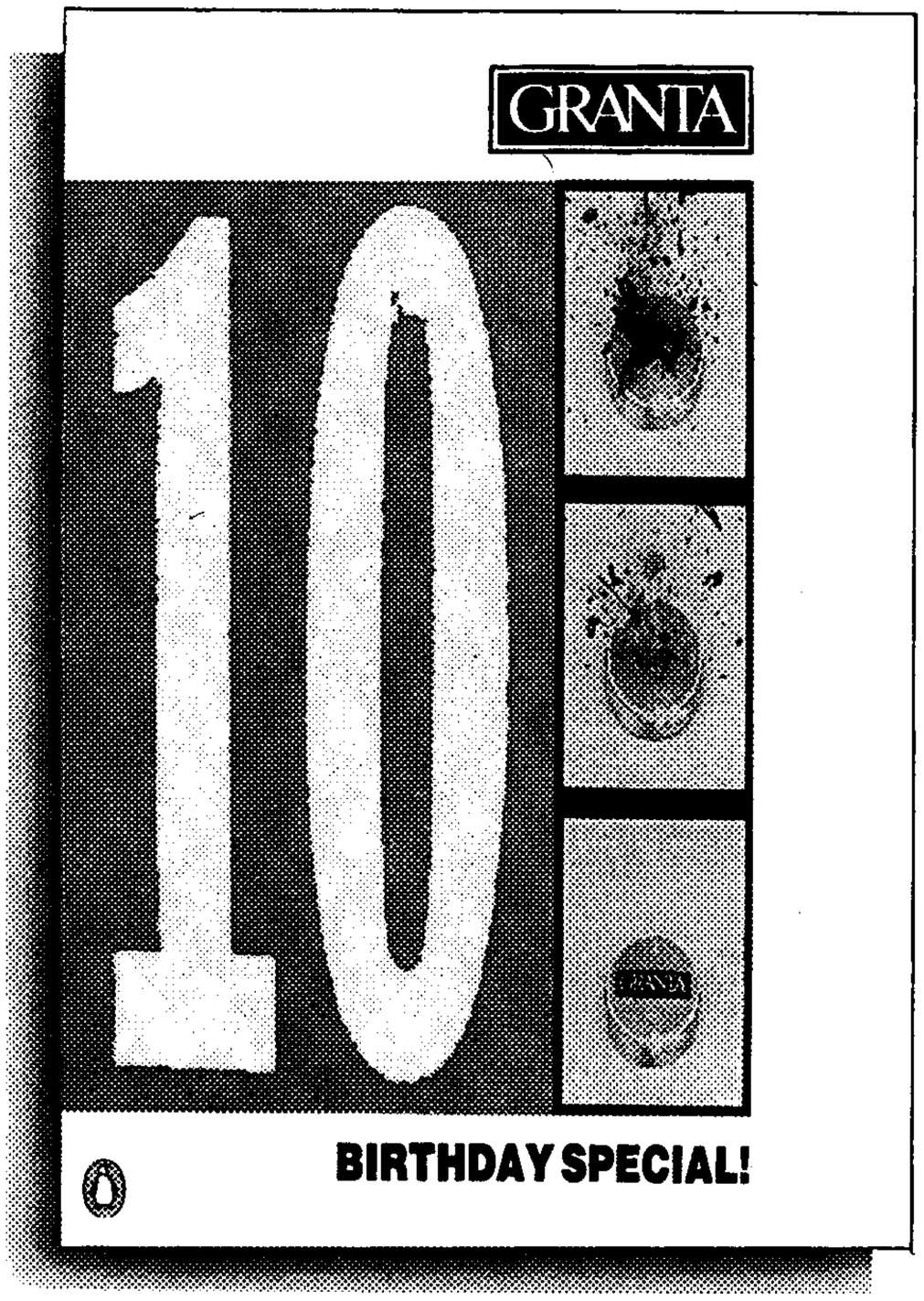

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